

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



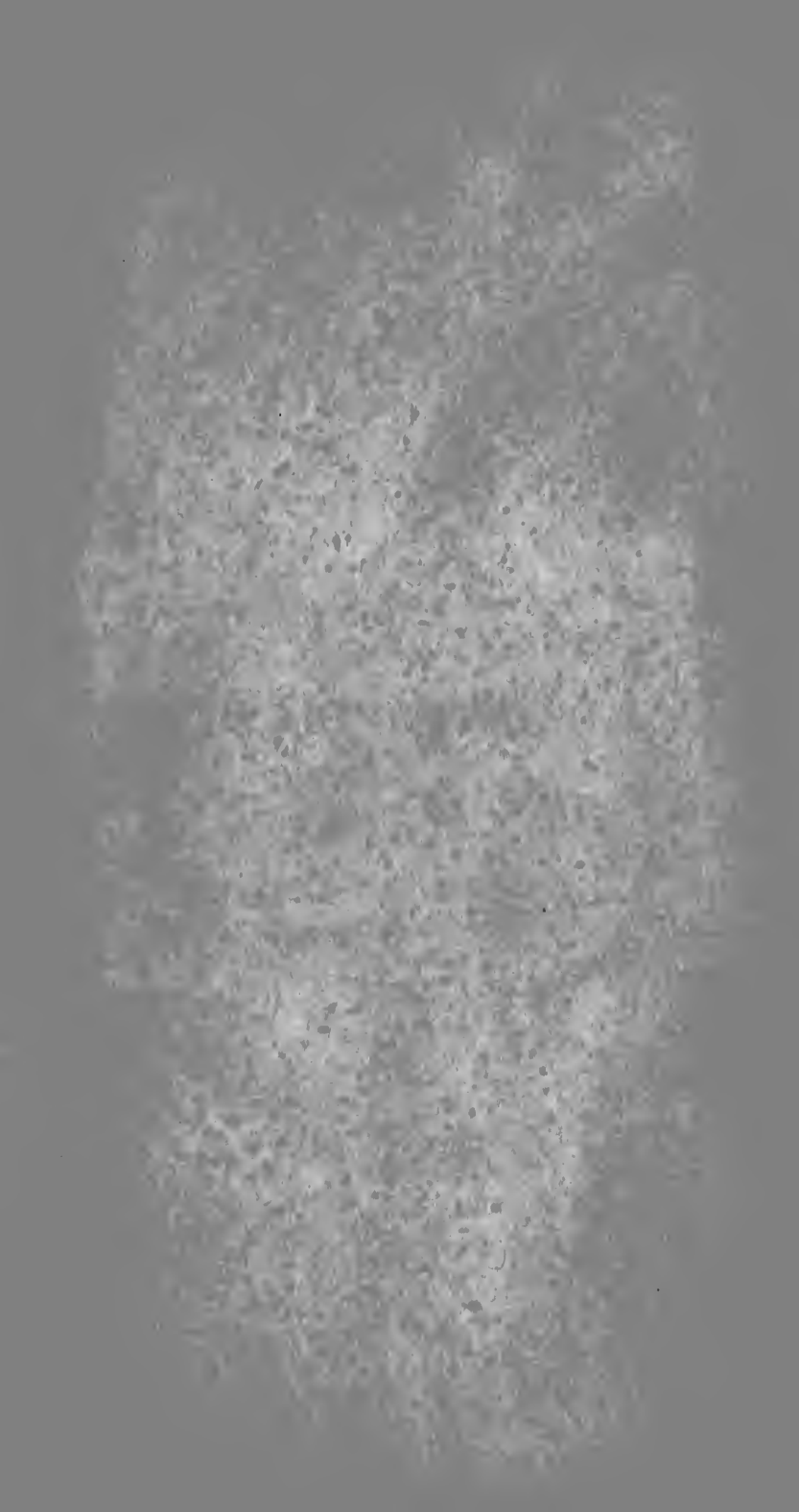
00012374331











ИСКУПЕН ТИМ

A HEART-OFFERING.







A

HEART-OFFERING

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

The Loved and The Lost.

✓
Charles I. Lunt
"



BOSTON:

PRESS OF GEO. C. RAND,

1853.



PS 3062

T3

P R E F A C E .

THIS little book is a Heart-Offering to the memory of the Wife of my Youth.

It is not intended for the public eye. It is not published. Criticism has no right to censure, for it asks not for its praise.

It is primarily intended for two to whom she was an angel in life, and who fondly hope she is their guardian angel still.

It is for two, who wish that memory may have always before its eye some visible and enduring memorial of the goodness and loveliness of her life, the thrilling incidents connected with her last sickness, and her triumphant death.

But it is also for those who were more or less connected with her and myself, by the ties of consanguinity, affection, and friendship, who loved her when living, and lament her now that she is no more.

Her features so truthfully portrayed by the engraver, and her prominent moral characteristics which I have endeavored to portray, will serve, I hope, to keep her in greener remembrance.

Some will, perhaps, remember the little rosy-cheeked Helen, that we loved so well and lost so early. They will read the lines that refer to her, and perhaps be reminded of incidents and scenes which they would be willing not to forget.

To the parents and friends of the little ones in memory of whom most of the remaining pieces were written, I hope this little book will not be wholly destitute of interest.

I might have inserted many beautiful tributes to the memory of departed ones, of far greater merit than mine, written by others, but *then* it would not have been *my* offering.

So much by way of explanation.

I will only add my earnest hope, that those of my relatives and friends to whom I may send this little volume, will find in it something that will interest, and *better than this*, something that will serve to keep fresh in their memories, recollections of one whom they would wish not to forget; something, too, that would remind them of that little promising bud of mine, which has been so long blossoming in Paradise; and something, in fine, to bring to their minds the image of the dear motherless girl who is still clinging to my bosom, and perhaps, of one who has little claim upon their regard, except that he is able, with truth, to subscribe himself their

Friend and Servant,

CHARLES THURBER.

CONTENTS.



PART FIRST.

	PAGE
Wife of my Youth, - - - - -	13
Our Grounds, - - - - -	28
Her Virtues, - - - - -	38
Our Pleasant Grounds, - - - - -	43
The Disease, - - - - -	47
The Smile, - - - - -	57
The Meeting, - - - - -	62
The Employment, - - - - -	71
The Altar, - - - - -	79
The Picture, - - - - -	85
No Farewell for the Bird, - - - - -	89
Safe Home, - - - - -	93
The Book, - - - - -	97
Marion, - - - - -	101
Myself, - - - - -	105
The Prayer, - - - - -	108

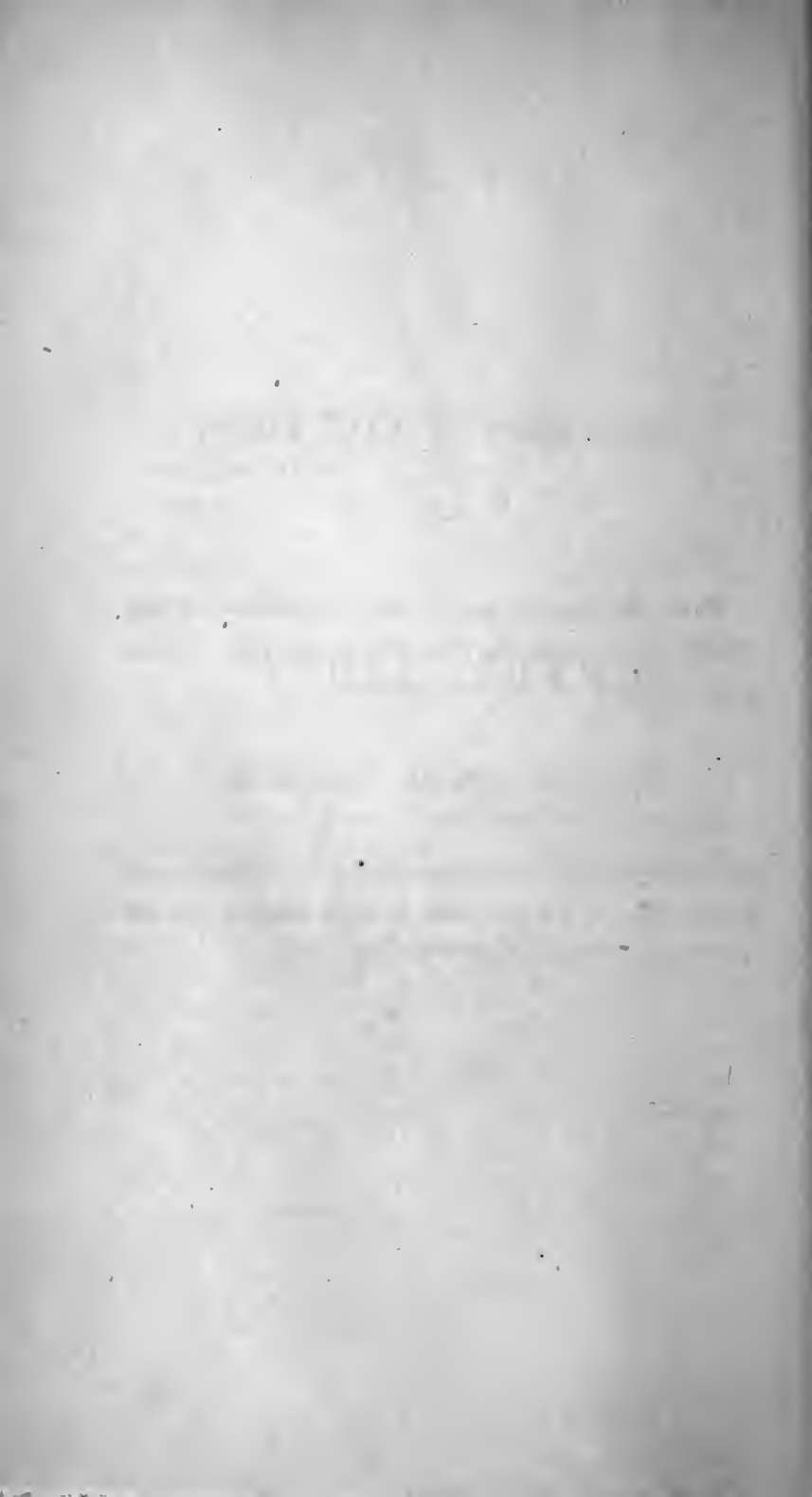
PART SECOND.

	PAGE
Helen in Heaven, - - - - -	117
Helen in Heaven to her Parents, - - - - -	126
What is thy Employment, - - - - -	132
To my Breast Pin, - - - - -	147
Helen's First Birthday in Heaven, - - - - -	155
My Lost One, - - - - -	159
The Sick Child, - - - - -	163
Passing her Grave, - - - - -	165
Lay me not Alone, - - - - -	169
The Early Dead, - - - - -	172

PART THIRD.

Helen Maria Lazell, - - - - -	179
Helen Maria Lazell, and Charles Thurber Lazell, - - - - -	182
Charles Augustus Field, - - - - -	191
Edward Pliny Holbrook, - - - - -	195
Samuel Knox, - - - - -	198
On the death of the only child of a Friend, - - - - -	205
Caroline Spear, - - - - -	211
The Little Girl, - - - - -	220
Gone to School, - - - - -	225
The Consecrated Ground, - - - - -	229
Is this our Home, - - - - -	235
Thoughts, - - - - -	237
Benefit of Affliction, - - - - -	244
Dying Mother to her Child, - - - - -	246
To a Star, - - - - -	255

· PART FIRST.



DEDICATION OF PART FIRST.



WITH the deepest respect and veneration for her character, I dedicate the first part of this little volume to the memory of my deceased wife,—

LUCINDA ALLEN THURBER,

an unwavering and warm-hearted friend; a faithful and loving wife; a discreet and prudent mother, and an humble and conscientious Christian.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

155 E. 42ND STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Open from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M. Daily

Open from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. on Sundays and Holidays

Open from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. on Wednesdays

Open from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. on Thursdays

Open from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. on Fridays

Open from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. on Saturdays

Open from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. on Sundays and Holidays

WIFE OF MY YOUTH



WIFE of my youth! what magic in each
word!

When first it trembled on my timid tongue,
What depths of feeling in my breast were
stirred,

What heights of thought were wide, wide
open flung!

The present seemed all sunshine to my view;
The glorious future, one triumphant march;
Hope a green carpet o'er my pathway threw,
And hung up rainbows like a beauteous
arch;

Life seemed a scene, to which were really
given

The joys of earth, and bliss, almost, of
Heaven.

But as we walked where merry sunshine
beamed,

A cloud oft gathered in our pleasant
march ;

Our path proved not as velvet as it seemed ;

And storms broke through the beauteous
rainbow arch ;

And though we roved within our Eden
bowers,

And plucked the gems, and drank the
fragrance there,

Thorns often lurked beneath the sweetest
flowers,

And frosts cut down the fragrant, bright
and fair ;

And then our Eden scarcely seemed the
spot
That distance painted to my youthful
thought.

But sweet to think, that not a single thorn
Hid 'neath a rose, our youthful loves had
set;
Not one faint sigh was of our union
born,
Not one tear dropped that we had ever
met;
The thorns were those our common nature
bears,
The sighs and tears, the heir-looms of our
race;
Our disappointments, pains, and toils, and
cares,
Such as spring ever in life's hurried
chase ;

And but for these, to harass and annoy,
Our social bliss had been one thrill of
joy.

But 't was an Eden, that "sweet home" of
ours,

Although life's evils met us, day by
day ;

If one were sad, the other cheered the
bowers ;

Or wept — the other kissed the tears
away ;

And if both sorrowed, sorrow lost its
frown, .

In mutual aid, or asking aid above,
And when a frost cut pleasure's flowerets
down,

Flowers sprang up sweetly from our
mutual love; —

When sick, an angel hovered round my bed,
And a fond lover soothed her aching
head.

When our sweet Helen, on her angel
wings,
Flew to the land of never fading
charms,

And our tears started from their inner
springs,

'T was sweet to weep them in each other's
arms.

And then we thanked, O, how we thanked
kind Heaven,

That we both lived to share that home of
ours,

And that young Marion from our hearts
unriven,

Still roved beside us through our pleasant
bowers!

And then we felt earth's joys were not all
o'er,
And Heaven had really one attraction
more.

And when I saw her in life's noise and
din,
Calm, humble, hopeful, cheerful, and serene,
I felt that she had got a gem within,
That I wore not, to cheer life's checkered
scene :

Then how devoutly she would kneel and
pray

That I might have a gem that would not
fade, —

And with what rapture she beheld the
day,

When I, too, knelt me at her side and
prayed !

Then we thought death would sunder us in
vain ;

For, though we parted, we should meet
again.

When we were poor and struggled night
and day

To mount the hill where competence is
found,

'T was she that helped and cheered me on
my way,

And her smiles made it almost fairy
ground.

And when we got a little up the hill,

Where fortune's favors grew a little kind,
She was the same kind gentle spirit still,

That ne'er forgot her poorer friends
behind ;

And then we felt, that, whether rich or not,
We could be happy, whatsoe'er our lot.

I call to mind the many years of pain,
When sickness stung her to the very
quick, —
And I oft chid that she would not com-
plain
Or let me know when she was really
sick.
Sometimes I wish those years again would
come,
With all their scenes of pleasure and of
grief,
That I might show her how I'd cheer her
home,
And how much more I'd do for her
relief;
For, though I tried to smooth her pathway
o'er,
I feel, I *know*, I might have soothed her
more.

When vexed or crossed, some hasty word I
said,

Or wronged, resolved to play a desperate
part,

I drank in prudence from her cooler
head,

And kindled kindness from her warmer
heart ;

Keen to perceive th' approach of ill or
wrong—

Calm, when the furnace kindled to a
flame,

She helped me shun them ere they came
along,

Or bear them better when the trial
came ;

And then I felt that I'd a faithful
guide,

While that dear one was walking at my
side.

Wife of my youth! there lingers yet a
spell

In those dear words, that seem almost
divine, —

Yet, in those sounds I hear the solemn
knell

Of one I loved, but now no longer
mine.

And though in home, touched by the hand
of grief,

“Lost — lost,” seems written upon every
part ; —

Her smiles still linger upon memory’s
leaf,

Her image lives in this devoted
heart ; —

And though Time’s hand this harrowed heart
may soothe,

It can’t wipe out the partner of my
youth.

There are some things which bless us when
possessed,

Yet have no sweetness when they come to
part,

While some, though lost, still soothe the
aching breast,

With their sweet fragrance lingering in the
heart ;

And she, blest one, now throned in bliss
above,

Far, far away from earth's ungenial
bowers,

Her mildness, patience, prudence, goodness,
love,

All make us better that they once were
ours ;

We'll keep them shrined upon our bosom's
throne,

And make her virtues and her hopes our
own.

'Tis said good spirits from their home
above

Watch o'er their dear ones both by night
and day,

Suggest good thoughts in those they used
to love,

And sweetly chide them when they go
astray.

O, blissful thought! my daughter and my
wife,

Both now made perfect, may our steps
attend,

Aid us while struggling through this fitful
life,

And guide us heavenward when that life
shall end.

Alas! good thoughts! we'll deem them
precious things,

Brought, by our guardians, from the King
of kings.

But thou art gone, gone to a genial
clime,

And left me weeping at the sundered
tie ;

And though I know grief will be soothed by
time,

And tears, though gushing from the heart,
be dry,

And though new scenes, new joys, new
friends may spring,

And I may many a happy moment
see,

Joy shall not one enchanting garland
bring,

But the best flower shall speak, dear one,
of thee !

The fairest, loveliest, I will call it
thine,

Whate'er the roses, fortune's hand may
twine.

Farewell, sweet spirit, fare thee well awhile !

 This fitful scene is passing swiftly by, —

Then may I meet thee with that very smile,

 That thou didst wear when called away
 to die.

The little one that thou hast left with me,

 Alas, alas ! I'll try to train her well, —

I'll often sit and talk with her of thee,

 And of thy virtues and thy goodness tell ;

And her young heart expanding into
 love,

Will strive to meet thee in thy home
 above.

O Thou who only canst assistance give,

 To whom alone we can for succor fly,

Teach us, kind Father, how like her to
 live,

Like her to suffer, and like her to
 die !

And though the loss may leave an aching
void,

That earth's gay scenes may never, never
fill,

Her sweet example we so long enjoyed —

O, may it aid us and inspire us still,

Till we shall find, on yonder radiant plain,

The loss we suffer is our greatest gain.

OUR GROUNDS.

“How blessings brighten as they fly,”
exclaimed a truthful bard !
And trivial things, when really lost, seem
worthy our regard ;
And love and friendship wholly fail to show
their real worth,
Until they rise on radiant wings, and leave
the realms of earth.
I knew her virtues, felt their charms, and
owned their magic sway ,
But felt not what their value was, so keenly
as to-day ;

I felt my life a blissful scene, with sorrow
scarce astir,
But did not know how much that bliss
depended upon her.

Alas! alas! the spell is broke, the vision
passed away,
And I must now, among the wrecks, pursue
my onward way.

'T is wondrous how, at every step, I some
memorial see
Of what she thought, of what she said, of
what she did for me ; —
And home is full, is *brimming* full, of objects
everywhere,
That speak about my sainted one, and almost
bring her there.

I walk the grounds she used to walk, the
bowers she used to thread,
And tread the green-edged walks along, that
she was wont to tread, —
And every little verdant bush that waves
among the bowers,
Reminds me of her velvet hand that used to
pluck the flowers.

I seem to see her pleasant face as oft as I
behold
That China rose she used to think appeared
so much like gold —
Or see the lofty trellises at which she used
to stop,
And wonder if that Prairie Queen would
ever reach the top,
Or see the Belle of Baltimore she watched
within the bower,
To see the buds when only half expanded to
a flower, —

Or Flowering Thorn, she used to think so
beautiful and bland,

As neatly shaped as any egg, by Jimmy's
skilful hand, —

Or verdant Arbor Vitæ hedge that, as
she looked around,

She thought the prettiest thing we had in all
the pleasant ground.

And when I walk among the trees, and cast
my eye on each,

I recollect her favorite pear, and favorite
plum and peach ; —

And most of all the willow trees that weep
before the door,

That since she died appear to weep more
sadly than before.

When Jenny comes with harness on, and
brings along the chaise,
The shadows come across my heart from
scenes of other days,—
When she and I, and Marion, a family
complete.
Would take our places side by side, and
scoot along the street,
And up the hill, and through the woods, and
down the valleys roam,
Till quite refreshed with Nature's breath
we came delighted home ;
And when gay Jerry comes along at merry
Jenny's side,
Methinks my dear one still is sick, and going
out to ride. .

When, on the peaceful Sabbath morn, I seek
the house of prayer,
I almost think my sainted one is sitting by
me there ;

I see the book she used to read, the seat she
occupied,
And sometimes start to find that she's not
sitting at my side ;—
I see my friends in little groups of loving
circles thrown —
And almost think my wife is there — but find
myself alone.

When, at my home, I'm kneeling down
beside the altar there,
To thank my God for favors past, or seek his
aid in prayer,
I miss the two that used to kneel beside me,
morn and even,
For lo ! the one has gone to school, the other
gone to Heaven.

There's scarce an inch within the round that
constitutes my home.—

There's scarce a foot of verdant earth within
my daily roam —

There's scarce a scene that greets my eye, a
sound that greets my ear,

But makes me for a moment think my sainted
one is near, —

Till every inch within my home, and every
foot around,

Is all so brimming full of her, I feel it holy
ground,

Where I should feel 't is double guilt to
foster any sin,

By any wicked act without, or wicked
thoughts within.

'Tis sweet to think that every blow our
heavenly Father sends,

Although surcharged with seeming wrath,
with sovereign mercy blends,

And though it wrings our hearts with grief
to bear the woe and pain,
'Tis sweet to think 'tis in our power to
change the loss to gain ;
And when we lose the objects here we most
enjoy and love,
Convert it into gain below, and endless joy
above.

I've seen the pure and lofty fruits that out
of sorrow start,
I've weighed them often in my mind, and felt
them in my heart ;
I thought I knew how much they blessed, and
thought I fathomed how, —
But never thought, or saw, or felt, so very
keen as now.

While from this melting scene of grief, a
backward look I cast,
And view the winding way I've trod along
the checkered past,
I think of blessings never used, or never used
aright,
Which, now improved, would yield a feast of
profit and delight ; —
Of virtues by my lost one shown, and sweet
examples given,
Which, to be hallowed, needed this — that
she should be in Heaven !
Kind Father, may I ne'er forget till I'm
beside her laid,
The sweet example that she gave, the virtues
she displayed !
That I, like him who talked with God, and
grew intensely bright,
May grow more pure, and more like her, by
dwelling on the sight.

I sometimes feel that I am blest beyond my
friends around,
For wheresoe'er I stay or go, 'tis really
hallowed ground ;
And every pebble 'neath my feet, and star
above my head,
And every tree and every flower appear as
if they said,
We speak for her, your loved one, who
beneath yon marble lies,
Who bids us give her love to you, and ask
you to be wise.

O yes! the voice, the very voice — exactly
what she'd say, —
Almighty God ! O, give me grace the precept
to obey !

HER VIRTUES.



'T IS sweet, when those we love depart,
And crumble like a mangled flower,
Their virtues cluster round the heart,
And sway it with a double power ;
We've tenderer feelings when bereft
Of friends that moulder in the dust,
And every sweet memorial left
Is treasured as a hallowed trust.

The daisy is a sacred thing,
When growing o'er the sleeper's bed, —
A lock of hair, or simple ring,
Are hallowed when the wearer's dead ;

A holy influence seems to start
The chambers of the soul within,
And throw a cordon round the heart,
To keep it from exterior sin.

I felt the virtues that were thine,
I knew the stains thy frailties wrought,—
But now those virtues seem divine,
And every stain is quite forgot.
The vision lives before my eyes,
More sweet than Fancy's pen can paint,—
Thy virtues in their freshness rise,
And make thee seem a spotless saint.

I see thy patience sweetly shown
Amidst the pains and ills of life,
That would not let thy woes be known,
For fear of troubling me, my wife!

And then it seems to whisper me,
In tones as sweet as angels know,
To bear my ills, whate'er they be,
Nor swell with mine another's woe.

Thy conscience — 't was as pure as light,
That mildly guided thee along,
That made thee wish to do the right,
And never, *never* do the wrong ;
And then it seems to cheer and warn,
And beckon me to duty's bowers,
Where, though we find full many a thorn,
We find a thousand, thousand flowers.

I hear thy careful words again
Drop mildly from thy prudent tongue,
That never gave the present pain,
And yet the absent never stung ;

And then I think how blest 't would be,
To curb my tongue and rule my mind,
That when I die, I may, like thee,
Leave not a wounded heart behind.

Thy sober judgment, solid sense,
And calmness in the midst of doubt,
Kept me from myriad sad events,
Or, like good angels, helped me out ;
And yet they linger hour by hour,
'And walk like Mentors at my side,
And beg me, with a tenfold power,
To act aright, whate'er betide.

Thy gentle spirit, mild and chaste,
With every lovely grace imbued,
That never let thee trample taste,
And scarcely ever e'en be rude ;

'T is hovering, like a heavenly guest,
Above my head, by day and night,
And somehow gets within my breast,
When going wrong, to bring me right.

Religion — O, my sainted wife,
'T was vital in thy lofty faith!
It guided thee through weary life,
And cheered thee with its smiles at death.
And now, Religion, help me turn,
With purer faith, to things on high,
And make it now my chief concern,
Like her to live, like her to die.

OUR PLEASANT GROUNDS.

OUR pleasant grounds, our sweet parterre,
Where we so often walked,
And plucked the fruits and flowerets there,
And gaily laughed and talked —
They seem — although they 're very fair —
As if my eye were mocked.

I recollect the very pink
She thought the prettiest drest,
Though I contended, (with a wink,)
'T was poorer than the rest, —
Though now I really, *really* think
That 'tis the very best.

Those little squares, whose velvet sheen,
Looks like a carpet so,
Which she declared looked better green,
And I contended, no ;
I've changed my mind, and now I mean
To let the carpet grow.

The fir in yonder crowded row,
She thought 't was best to move,
But I, alas ! I let it grow,
To make a thicker grove ;
But now, next spring, the fir must go,
As quick as it can move.

Yon weeping cherry, graceful thing,
Her pleasure, still attests
Where birds came out on whirring wing,
To live and love, sweet guests !
Well, I will woo them every spring,
To come and build their nests.

I know the very peach and pear ‘
She always used to pet,
And though I thought them very fair,
They now seem fairer yet ;
And I shall take the greatest care
That all their wants are met.

The Monthly Rose beside the gate,
That stands the frost and snow —
I know how high she used to rate
Its very fragrant blow ;
And so we’ll watch it long and late,
That it may thrive and grow.

The plants we kept so warm and gay,
From Boreas’ deadly sting,
She thought had scarce enough to pay
The costly wintering ;
And so, we’ve laid them all away,
And they shall sleep till spring.

The circle at our southern door,
She used to think so sweet,
James keeps it shaven as before,
And keeps the road as neat ;
He rakes it, smooths it, sweeps it o'er,
Clear out into the street.

The paths and alleys, lined with box,
And gravelled o'er so fair,
Where we so oft, in pleasant talks,
Went out to solace care ;
We'll trim, and smooth, and weed the walks,
And keep them in repair.

Then, if her gentle spirit come
Beyond where angels be,
Perhaps she'll visit "home, sweet home,"
Its pleasant things to see,
And she'll perhaps go out to roam
With Marion and me.

THE DISEASE.

THAT dread disease, paralysis, O ! who
can tell the pangs
That thrill the chambers of the soul in which
it thrusts its fangs !
It chills the frame, unstrings the nerves, with
its benumbing thrill,—
It quenches speech, beclouds the mind, sub-
dues the giant will ;
The man becomes a boy again, the woman
grows a girl,
And life itself, with all its charms, a dim and
giddy whirl ;

The faithful memory is eclipsed, or wholly
disappears,
And adult firmness melts away to weakness
and to tears.

That weary year of sadness, love, as sad as
sad can be,
'T was sorrow to my yearning heart, but
agony to thee,
It seemed as if the pen of woe had rudely
dared to trace
Its very name, its awful form, upon thy
pleasant face ;
It seemed as if the hand of grief its agony
had piled,
Until the face appeared as if it never, never
smiled ;

And when thou didst essay to wear a pleasant
cheerful look,

'T was doubly painful to behold the effort
that it took ;

The smile was not the radiant one thy
features used to wear,

It seemed as 't were the bow of hope,
beclouded by despair ;

It seemed as if thy boundless love for Marion
and me,

Looked out upon thy face and saw — how
sad a sight to see ! —

And tried to trace a magic smile upon the
saddened leaf,

But left the tracery almost lost among the
lines of grief.

'T was sad to see that dread disease
 assuming the control
Of such a calm and solid mind, and such a
 patient soul ;
And if that lofty faith of thine had been less
 bright and fair,
Methinks thy patience, so divine, had ended
 in despair.

Were one in health to toil as hard for
 right as thou didst try
To keep the gushing tear within, or check the
 rising sigh —
If we should try, when sorrows come, to bear
 them all alone,
And never mar another's bliss with sorrows
 of our own,

We should not hear, as now we hear, the
sombre, sad complaint,
That, midst the countless tribes of earth,
there can't be found a saint.

We did not feel as much as now, how keen
thy sufferings were,
Nor yet how many pangs of woe thou daily
hadst to bear :
For in those sad and weary scenes, we had
not time to think
How bitter was the cup of woe that thou
didst have to drink ;
We could not feel, with all our souls, how
bitter was the smart,
For in the depths of sympathy we had to
bear a part.

But now from this calm scene we look with
retrospective glass,

And view, through every scene of woe, the
tragedy — alas !

'Tis strange I felt no more the pangs thy
gentle bosom felt !

'Tis strange my bosom did not bleed, and
into anguish melt !

'Tis strange I left thy weary bed a moment,
night or day,

And more consoling talk with thee, and more
devoutly pray !

But hope, ah, me ! deceitful hope stood
always by to tell,
The dread disease would yet relent, and thou
again be well ;

And home, with all its fruits and flowers, its
pleasant walks and aisles,
Would yet be wreathed delightfully in thy
bewitching smiles ;
And this delusive hope, perhaps, I've some-
times sadly thought,
Prevented me from aiding thee as fully as I
ought.

Forgive me, gentle spirit ! — yes, I know
that I'm forgiven,
Though I'm a sinner yet on earth, and thou
a saint in Heaven.
Thou know'st I would not willingly have left
an act undone,
That might have soothed, or might have
healed, thy sorrows, sainted one, —

And if thou seest an act I missed that might
 have cheered thy lot,
Thou know'st full well, thou ransomed one,
 thy husband knew it not.

O ! it was sad — 't was sad enough to melt
 a heart of stone,
To see thee suffering helplessly, and hear thy
 gentle moan ;
To see thee curb, with all thy might, thy
 harrowed feelings so,
And look upon thy smiling face now clad in
 weeds of woe.

But O ! in what delightful charms that
 closing scene was drest,
When thy last sun, thy setting sun, was
 sinking in the west.

Disease had spent its utmost strength, and
made an end of strife,
And now was crumbling silently the citadel
of life.

There lay the one I loved so well, just in
the arms of death,
Yet buoyed above upon the wings of clear
and lofty faith : —
“I’m happy, happy, happy, Charles, as blest
as I can be ;
I know you’ll care for Marion, and both will
think of me.”

Then suddenly a beam began the sombre
hues to chase —
A twilight smile appeared to spread across
her ghastly face,

The ugly furrows pain had ploughed, began
to fade away,
Until a smile, an angel smile, upon her
features lay ;
Each trace of pain had disappeared, and ere
the spirit left,
A sunny smile lit up the face to solace the
bereft, —
But two faint throbs of that pure heart, so
sweetly formed to love,
And lo ! the gentle spirit winged its radiant
way above.

And thus the bond that bound our hearts
so well and long was riven,
I gained a smile, a beauteous smile, and she,
a fadeless Heaven !

THE SMILE.



WHEN I think, ransomed one, of thy
sufferings while here,
Through the sad weary months of that last
dreary year,
Every power of my soul, into sympathy
brought,
Seems to melt into tears at the sorrowful
thought.

It is sad, that among all the years that we
passed,
In a union so sweet from the first to the
last,

Such a load of keen sorrows, and burden of
woes,

Should have heaped all its wrath on the one
at the close.

But, although my heart bleeds, when I
think o'er again

The sad era, so burdened with sorrow and
pain,

Yet 't is sweet, the blue sky often gleamed
on the sight,

And thy sun set at last in a halo of light.

When the storm-god all day the blue firma-
ment shrouds,

In a mantle of tempest, and darkness, and
clouds,

We imagine a lovely to-morrow foretold,
If the sun sets encompassed in azure and
gold.

Though thy sky had so long been
 enshrouded in gloom,
More Cimmerian than that which envelopes
 the tomb,
Yet I knew by the smile that appeared on
 thy brow,
There were only to-morrows of bliss for thee
 now.

O, how oft have I set myself down to beguile
The lone hours with the thought of that
 angel-like smile!—
And imagined whence came it, what lit it,
 who wrought
Such a beautiful thing at so dreadful a spot?

Did thy spirit, that always wished others
 so blest,
Looking out o'er thy face, see the sadness
 impressed,

And, for fear the dread vision might wring
my poor heart,
Weave a picture of gladness for me, and
depart?

Did it see our lost Helen bend sweetly
above
To convoy thee to mansions of pleasure and
love ;
And so rapturous and heavenly the sight of
that child,
That the clay dropped its woe, and in sym-
pathy smiled ?

Did thine eye see the curtain of Paradise
ope
And expose the sweet visions portrayed by
thy hope,
And the smile of thy Saviour beam brightly,
and trace
The fair type of itself on thy sorrowful face ?

Did an angel, just sent from the regions
of love,
Bring a smile that some cherub in Paradise
wove,
And to soften our sorrows and solace our
heart,
Drop it down on thy face, lovely one, and
depart?

But whatever it was, it has rendered me
blest,
And as long as I live 't will be shrined in my
breast ;
And if Marion and I ever meet thee above,
We will sit down and talk it all over, my
love.

THE MEETING.



DEAR spirit of my sainted wife,
Who dost in spotless glory bow,
Thou wast my sweetest guide through life,
Do not, do not desert me now.
But when thou dost go out to roam,
O! come this way, and visit home.

The scene of woe is vivid yet,
We passed, when Helen had to die;
And when your ransomed spirits met
In those delightful realms on high,
I've tried to see, with fancy's ken,
What raptures must have thrilled thee then!

I've thought, perhaps, when spirits first
Alight among the blest above,
They search for those dear ones that erst
They used to know, and used to love ;
And when at length the rest are known,
They're all as lovely as their own.

I know that in that holy place,
There's One far lovelier than the rest,
And while they're gazing on his face,
Unbounded rapture fills the breast ;
But yet 't is sweet, with one to rove
Who's ransomed with a Saviour's love.

I've had a vision oft, of late, —
'T was of thy flight to Heaven, my love,
A countless throng were at the gate,
And wreaths of welcome for thee wove ;
And then they twined, I know not how,
The loveliest wreath around thy brow.

And then thine eyes, as black as jet,
I saw them keenly dart around,
As if some cherub, yet unmet,
Was somewhere in that holy ground ;
And then with joy I heard thee say,
Why, they 're all Helens here to-day !

Within my native planet, earth,
Unlike these spotless scenes above,
Love is not always won by worth,
And worth not always found in love ;
And things seem worthless or divine,
Just as they 're labelled, mine or thine.

But in this holy, holy place,
Love, kindling up in every part,
Awakes a smile on every face,
And sends a thrill through every heart ;
And mine and thine so sweetly twine,
That everything in Heaven is mine.

I used to think in earth's dim sphere,
If e'er I winged my way above,
The sweetest, heartiest welcome here,
Would be from her I used to love;
And that dear one, of all the blest,
Would be the one I'd love the best.

And true it is, a deeper thrill
Of rapture, with our converse, blends;
For we can talk of "sweet home" still,
Of common joys and common friends;
And in sweet union, call to mind
A thousand things we left behind.

But scarcely less the thrill that darts
Through every chamber of my soul,
While I commune with other hearts,
All through this bright harmonious whole,
And beams of love, from every breast,
Warm this glad heart and make it blest.

'T is sweet to stand on Heaven's parterre,
And to dim earth, our eyes to cast;
To talk of scenes we passed, when there,
Or hear of those that others passed;
And sweeter scenes of bliss unfold,
While listening to the new and old.

Thus, though my babe and I are blest,
While talking o'er our old affairs,
We're thrilled with joy to hear the rest
Sit down and sweetly talk of theirs;
There's rapture in the smallest word,
That in the halls of Heaven, are heard.

How self dissolves in showers of love,
And mingles in a sea of bliss,
In these delightful worlds above,
In such a Heaven of joy as this;
We're lost in every fond embrace,
And see a friend's in every face.

From yonder throne of purest white,
To yonder little cherub's seat,
It is one scene of pure delight,
And, one seat blotted, incomplete ;
Each is a tint that God has given,
To constitute a perfect Heaven.

From Him who sits on yonder throne,
To him who fills the tiniest seat,
Though millions, yet they 're all but one,
United in a bond complete;
And every one is but a gem,
Set in the Saviour's diadem.

Our harps — ah ! yes, our harps are hearts,
That breathe so free and beat so strong,
That every throb a note imparts,
And adds new rapture to the song;
And every sound in Heaven's domain,
Adds sweetness to the lovely strain.

And when I gaze upon his brow,
Whose precious blood was spilt for me,
I have no power to fathom now,
How deep his boundless love must be;
And centuries endless, e'en will prove
Too short to fathom so much love.

O ! rapturous prospect — what a change !
There's nought can now my peace annoy;
I shall truth's fields forever range,
And revel in a sea of joy;
And ravished in a school like this,
Gain loftier truths and purer bliss.

And home, sweet home — I've ne'er forgot
Its merry hearts, its pleasant cheer;
And even now the very thought
Adds pleasure to my rapture here;
And if those hearts with mine unite,
Methinks my Heaven would be more bright.

I know the pangs it cost to part,
I know the hopes that died with me,
And how my dear ones felt the smart,
When their best friend had ceased to be;
But if they knew what pleasures reign,
They'd never wish me back again.

'T was thus I heard, or thought I heard,
My lost one speak in Paradise;
And I'd no heart to say a word,
To call the dear one from the skies;
Far better that the boon be given,
To meet the spotless saint in Heaven.

THE EMPLOYMENT.

SINCE my beloved went up to Heaven to
join that spotless throng,
I've tried, with fancy's brush, to paint her
starry way along;
To think about her radiant home and her
divine employ,
Whence gushes out a living spring of
everlasting joy.

It cannot be, the song they sing is really
the whole,
That constitutes the blissful fare that feeds
a ransomed soul;

Not feeling only, thought and act in sweet
proportion given,
Are part and parcel of the bliss that makes
the Christian's heaven.

It is not knowledge upon earth that makes
the wearer blest,
For learning's lore is often found within a
wretch's breast;
And he whose heart is bent to wrong, or wed
to low desires,
Will always grow the greater fiend the more
that he acquires.

But up in Heaven, where all is pure and
every heart is right,
Each ray of truth and beam of thought bring
beauty and delight;

The mind expands at every step, and each
expansion opes
The blissful heart for fresh supplies of
happiness and hopes.

Methinks the study of that place must be
the works of God,
Whate'er those glorious works may be,
wherever spread abroad;
From that first act that sprang to birth and
laid creation's plan,
To that august device of love to rescue
ruined man.

Methinks, I see my lost one stand in yonder
world of love,
And look through space where worlds on
worlds in awful grandeur move;

As thick as floating flakes of snow, they shoot
about and burn,
And when their annual mission 's o'er the
glorious orbs return.

She sees that though with matchless speed,
they 're circling round and round,
There's not a jar or error made in all that
azure ground;
And from the grandeur that she sees, the
melody she hears,
She understands what poets call the music of
the spheres.

She sees each phase of life that fills creation
to the brim,
From tiniest animalculæ to loftiest Cher-
ubim;

And that perfection needs them all, the fragile
and the strong,
As loudest tones and sweetest notes are
needed in a song.

She sees how every grade of act affects our
weal or woe,
How all things get so right above that seemed
so wrong below;
And how, though good men oft have ills, the
vicious do not share,
The scales of justice always get exactly
balanced there.

She sees why lovely children die and vicious
ones survive,
Why good men oft are called away and leave
the bad alive;

And now it looks so charmingly she views it
o'er and o'er,
And wonders why she did not see its harmony
before.

She sees why useful fathers die, and tender,
prudent wives,
While childless sots and withered hags drag
out their worthless lives;
And everything that seemed so strange and
everything so wrong,
Now seems harmonious as the notes in joy's
enchanting song.

She talks with patriarchs that lived when
time was fresh and young, —
She listens to the notes that drop from rapt
Isaiah's tongue;

She walks with John who sweetly leaned
upon his Master's breast,
And Mary who, the infant God, pressed fondly
to her breast.

She mingles with the great and good of
every age and clime,
And reads their histories, page by page, all
through the book of time;
And sees how seeming good and ill, and
seeming wrong and right,
Are only lights and shades that mix and issue
in delight.

And such methinks the lessons taught in
that delightful sphere,
They study things occurring there and things
occurring here;

And each succeeding lesson gives a zest unfelt
before,

And each succeeding view of truth discloses
more and more.

As when beneath St. Peter's dome the
traveller stands to gaze,
He's lost in wonder at the sight and
breathless with amaze;
And though he come a thousand times and
look it o'er and o'er,
He sees at every time he comes a thousand
wonders more.

O ! no, I would not call her back from such
divine employ,
Although 'twould deck with loveliest flowers
the garden of my joy;

I would not call her back from where there's
 bliss in every breath,
To this poor scene, to this sad spot of sorrow,
 sin and death.

THE ALTAR.



DEAR Spirit of my sainted wife, oft as I
think of thee,
A thousand pleasant memories start as sweet
as sweet can be;
I recollect the very day when we together
took
The little altar thou hadst reared from out
its secret nook ;
And put it in our parlor, love, our little
parlor there,
Where we a happy trio knelt at morn and
evening prayer.

That was to thee a triumph day, a glorious
one to me,
And Marion looked with wonder on the
pleasant sight to see;
For he whose lips had never oped beside that
altar there,
Now read from Wisdom's sacred book and
humbly led in prayer.

O! never had so sweet a scene been
witnessed there before,
For thou hadst always knelt alone, but knelt
alone no more;
And thou hadst taught our infant one her
little prayer to say,
Before the fairy girl alas! had heard her
father pray;

And then while kneeling side by side, united
heart to heart,
We found that Heaven and earth were not so
very far apart;
For often, often while we prayed the answer
from above,
Dropped down like dew and filled our hearts
with hope, and joy, and love ;
And from that altar where we knelt, we did
not feel, we knew,
To where our ransomed Helen dwelt 't was
but a step or two ;
And oft we thought so sweet it was to bend
in humble prayer,
That Helen's gentle spirit must be hovering
near us there ;
Perhaps to bear the prayer aloft and then the
mission crown,
By bringing from our heavenly Friend, the
promised blessing down ;

But whether so, or whether not, it was a
thought to cheer,
That our beloved angel girl was sweetly
lingering near.

And time went on and years elapsed, and
still that altar stayed,
And morn and evening, day by day, we
humbly knelt and prayed ;
And when at home, or when abroad, upon the
sea or land,
We never once forgot to have that altar close
at hand;
And though our hearts were often cold in icy
fettters bound,
We always found that altar was the warmest
spot around ;

And when we wished to gain relief from
sorrow and from care,
We always felt exceeding sure that we should
find it there.

And still that altar stands, my love, that
same delightful one,
And there I kneel from day to day, but ah ! I
kneel alone ;
The little heart that throbbed with ours is
throbbing far away,
And she who knelt beside us here, like me
alone must pray ;
And thou who didst the altar rear and
consecrate the spot,
Hast gained the Heaven, the very Heaven, thy
gentle spirit sought.

And still I'll let the altar stand and it shall
ever be,
A sweet memorial of thy love for Marion
and me ;
And there I'll daily try to learn as thou didst
learn the art,
Of living less for earth alone, and watching
more my heart ;
And if we ever meet again in yonder happy
sphere,
We 'll ne'er forget the altar, love, which thou
didst kindly rear ;
And Helen, Marion, you and I, and many a
ransomed one,
Will bathe in boundless seas of bliss and
never bathe alone.

THE PICTURE.



'T is sweet to think when friends depart,
And rudely sunder heart from heart,
The mimic skill of plastic art,
 With magic reign,
Can bid them from rude chaos start,
 And live again.

'T is strange how quick affection e'en,
Though c'er so deep, though e'er so keen,
Forgets her power to paint the scene,
 To memory's eye ;
And bring back feature, form, and mien,
 Of those that die.

We 've skill to paint before our gaze,
Their pleasant acts and winning ways,
The cheerful hours and happy days,
 They passed while here ;
But ah ! the features, form and face,
 They disappear.

'Tis sad these forms of heavenly mould,
The angel-warmed, the hero-souled,
Must be within their cerements rolled,
 And change to dust ;
But sweet when we their image hold
 In sacred trust.

When those we love and cherish fall,
How oft we think we'd give our all,
Could we their pleasant looks recall,
 To cheer the scene ;
But ah ! the solemn shroud and pall,
 They stand between.

And O ! beneath the hand of Art,
The very features seem to start,
And say, " although we had to part,
At Heaven's behest,
Our souls are graven on your heart,
And here's the rest."

O ! when I look her picture o'er,
Who once was mine, but mine no more,
They seem the very looks she wore,
When I was blest ;
And I can clasp her as before,
Close to my breast.

The placid look, the modest air,
Of chastened joy and hopeful care,
Imprinted on her features there,
They 're true to life ;
They 're just the ones she used to wear,
My Christian wife.

Those beaming eyes of blackest jet,
Whose magic I can ne'er forget,
That looked a welcome when we met,
At home once more ;
They seem to beam as brightly yet,
As e'er before.

O ! that those eyes, so bright that shine,
Would look directly into mine,
They'd kindle with a beam divine,
This throbbing breast ;
For then, though now 't is very fine,
'T would please me best.

That picture, yes, it gives me yet,
The lost one whom I'd ne'er forget,
I'll keep it till my sun shall set,
In closing even ;
And we to part no more have met
In yonder Heaven.

NO FAREWELL FOR THE BIRD.*



WHEN fond affection comes to die,
And with a dim and glassy eye,
Cast its last look on earth and sky,
No tongue can tell
How sweet to have its dear ones by,
And say farewell.

And friends were watching at thy bed,
And moving round with silent tread,

* This is a familiar term which she used to apply to Marion.

To soothe thy weary aching head,
And aid impart ;
And many a sad farewell was said,
With bleeding heart.

But ah ! fond mother, who can tell
What anguish made thy bosom swell,
When life's dim curtain rudely fell
At Death's dread word ;
And thou couldst say no sweet farewell,
To thy dear bird.

What anguish must have wrung thy heart,
When pierced by Death's relentless dart,
Beyond the healing power of art,
With all its lore,
To think that thou and she apart,
Could meet no more.

Methought I almost heard thee say,
“But one dear bird, and she away ?
And I no last farewell can say,
Nor sweet ‘good even ?’
O ! Father, cheer the dear one’s way,
Till safe in Heaven.”

O ! help my husband while alone,
Direct and guide my orphaned one,
And help him make the pathway known
That leads to rest ;
And shield her till the bird has flown
Among the blest.

Yes ! dying saint, thy prayer is heard,
I’ll try to guide thy orphaned bird,
I’ll teach her to respect his word,
That thou did’st love ;
That the sweet warbler may be heard
At length above.

And when thy merry birdie flies
To meet her mother in the skies,
Thou 'lt hold her there by stronger ties,
Than e'er before ;
There'll be no partings or good byes,
Forevermore.

O ! could our faith with dimless eye,
Pierce the blue curtain of the sky,
Methinks 'twould from affection's eye,
Wipe every tear ;
For then 'twould be more sweet to die,
Than linger here.

SAFE HOME



SAFE home at last,—yes, thou didst call it
home,

And talk serenely of that hastening day ;
When thou shouldst sweetly, to the grave
yard come,
And sleep in peace, where our dear Helen
lay.

Then sweetly sleep with all thy sorrows o'er,
No gloomy dreams assail thy silent breast ;
The wicked there can trouble thee no more,
And there the weary may serenely rest.

That marble block where Helen's name is
read,

Will soon show thine to many a passer
by ;

And strangers oft will see that thou art
dead,

And hurry onward with a careless
eye.

But there'll be two — ah ! there'll be many
more,

Who'll linger near thee as they onward
pass ;

They'll see thy name and read it o'er and
o'er,

Then drop a tear, and then they'll sigh,
alas !

And there we'll come, my Marion and I,
And see that nothing shall disturb thy bed;
We'll bring pure water when it gets too dry,
And keep it green above thy quiet head.

And then we'll think about thy virtues, love,
And warm our hearts with many a secret
prayer,

That since our lost one is at home above,
We may have grace again to meet thee
there.

And James, alas! who knew thy modest
worth,

Still loves to think of his departed friend;
He'll watch thy bed, smooth down the
hallowed earth,

And each green thing with keenest skill
attend.

So that thy spirit, if it sometimes roam
Through the green scenery of thy native
land,
And lights a moment in that hallowed home,
'T will see that James as usual is on hand.

Rest, then, sweet sleeper, in that chosen spot,
Where thou didst think 'twould be so sweet
to lie ;
Thy grave and Helen's shall not be forgot,
Till the last one that knew thy worth shall
die.

And when we too shall to our mansions go,
And sweetly nestle near thy pillow, love,
May we, like thee, leave none but friends
below,
And like thee meet with none but friends
above.

THE BOOK.



AND now fare thee well, my most excellent
wife,

Now happy in mansions above ;
Though I plunge in the bustle and tumult
of life,
I shall never forget thee, my love.

I have jotted down thoughts on the leaves
of this book,

That have gushed up unbidden and free ;
That whene'er upon these humble pages
I look,
I may think, O ! how sweetly, of thee.

It is not for the public, rude public,
to see,

And read o'er the pages unmoved ;
But 'tis meant as a keepsake for Marion
and me,

And those who once knew her and loved.

Or if haply some stranger should read
it, who's felt

The pangs that I know and have known,
Peradventure, his heart may in sympathy
melt,

And mingle his tears with my own.

There is no one like me on the face of this
earth,

And none but the spirits above,
That has known the full value and weight
of her worth,

Or fathomed the depths of her love.

•

O ! the tie that once bound us, 't was made
out of flowers,

And there was not a thorn in the whole ;
And they filled with a perfume our beautiful
bowers,
That thrilled through the depths of the
soul.

And I cannot forget her—I would not forget,
The blessings she strowed in my way ;
For I feel that I owe to my lost one a debt,
I ne'er shall be able to pay.

So I've traced on these pages, fresh, fresh
from my heart,

A memorial of two, now in Heaven ;
And although we've been sundered so rudely
apart,
Yet the tie, magic tie, is unriven.

And the book shall attend me midst business'
gay whirl,

And the troubles and turmoils of life ;
And as oft as I look, I shall think of my girl,
And think of my excellent wife.

MARION.



O! WHAT will become of my dear little
girl,

Unblest with a mother's warm love?

Who will train her through childhood and
youth's giddy whirl,

And guide her to mansions above?

Can the love of a father, the vacancy fill,

That the loss of a mother has made?

Can he hope by his vigilance, labor and skill,

To aid as a mother can aid?

Were my head a pure quarry of wisdom's
 best ore,
And my heart a deep ocean of love,
Could I toil as a father ne'er labored before,
To train her for mansions above.

Yet the least little thrill from a mother's
 warm heart,
The least little beam from her mind,
Can an influence wield, can a magic impart,
More than all I could conjure combined.

The youngest feel often, their own little
 smarts,
Their trials, and sorrows, and fears ;
'Tis the mother keeps watch of their minds
 and their hearts,
And aids them, and guides them, and
 cheers.

But a father, O ! how, while in business'
rough mart,

Where its blows are both taken and given,
Can he touch the fine cords in his little
girl's heart,

And tune them for virtue and Heaven ?

She has trials a father knows nothing about,

She has wants that he cannot supply ;

She has fears that mislead her, and leave her
in doubt,

And hopes that enchant her and fly.

She has frailties, a father could never
detect,

And blemishes hid from his eye ;

She has faults that if known, he could never
correct,

And wants, he could never supply.

'Tis to thee — to Thee only, kind Father
and Friend,

Who more than a mother canst be,
My motherless daughter, I humbly commend,
O ! guide her to virtue and Thee.

Above all, may her faith be her mother's
pure faith,

May she shun all the follies she shunned ;
May her hope be as bright and triumphant
at death,

And her Heaven be as rapturous beyond.

M Y S E L F.



O ! WHAT'S in the future, kind Father
and Friend,

O ! what's in the future for me ?

Whatsoever it be, may it prove to the end,
A servant and lover of Thee.

And if life should befriend me, or life should
perplex,

If fortune delight or annoy,

May I stand in her temples, or sit 'midst
her wrecks,

And thankfully bear or enjoy.

We speak of the evil and good of our state,
As if it were all understood ;
But at length, when we look o'er the records
of fate,
We may find it was all " very good."

Even now, we see sorrow, the parent
of joy,
And pleasure, the mother of pain ;
And gain often proves but a thorn to annoy,
And loss often issues in gain.

O ! yes, if the heart be at peace with
its Lord,
Whatsoever the ills that befall,
I shall gain out of every thing here,
a reward,
And at last, shall gain Heaven out of all.

But ah ! through the future, 'tis vain that
I look,

The past and the present are penned ;
It is these, and these only, I read in the book,
God only can read to the end.

O ! grant me thy friendship, thy friendship,
kind Sire,

The Angels are happy with this ;
It is all that I need — it is all I desire,
It is all that fills Heaven with bliss.

O ! grant me thy friendship, and I am
supplied,

Dear Saviour, as long as I live ;
All earth has no blessing of value beside,
And Heaven, nothing better to give.

THE PRAYER



O! THOU who canst a balm impart,
When keenest pangs annoy,
To heal the wounded, bleeding heart,
And make it leap for joy;

A widowed father comes to plead,
An orphaned child to pray ;
O! help them in their hour of need,
And guide them on their way.

They were but three, yet one in heart,
And home was very blest ;
But Death, grim tyrant, hurled a dart,
And rudely slew the best.

And now the sad survivors weep,
And wear the weeds of woe ;
And mourn for her who 's gone to sleep,
Within her shroud below.

A thousand gems of joy that blushed,
Were severed in their bloom ;
And countless, countless hopes were crushed,
Beside her hallowed tomb.

And now, O ! God, to Thee they go,
Teach them, thou Source of love,
That though they 've less to love below,
They 've more to love above.

And though their gold seems now but dross,
And pleasures, almost pain, —
O ! help them so to use the loss,
That it shall be their gain.

And when within their cheerful homes
They pass the pleasant hours,
Or rove the grounds she loved to roam,
And pluck the fruits and flowers ;

May they, O ! may they ne'er forget,
Where all is bright and fair,
How warm the thanks, how large the debt,
They owe her taste and care.

When blessed with generous competence,
O ! may they think how much,
Her careful thrift and sterling sense,
Combined to make it such.

And if unscathed in weal or woe,
They in thy wisdom trust,
May they reflect how much they owe,
To her who sleeps in dust.

And if new friendships yet shall form,
New ties shall yet be given,
O ! may their love be just as warm,
For her who feasts in Heaven.

And O ! kind Father, guide them so,
And shield them with thy love,
That they may live like her below,
And reign with her above.

（作者）（译者）（编者）

PART SECOND.

THE HISTORY OF THE

1771

of the

1771

1771

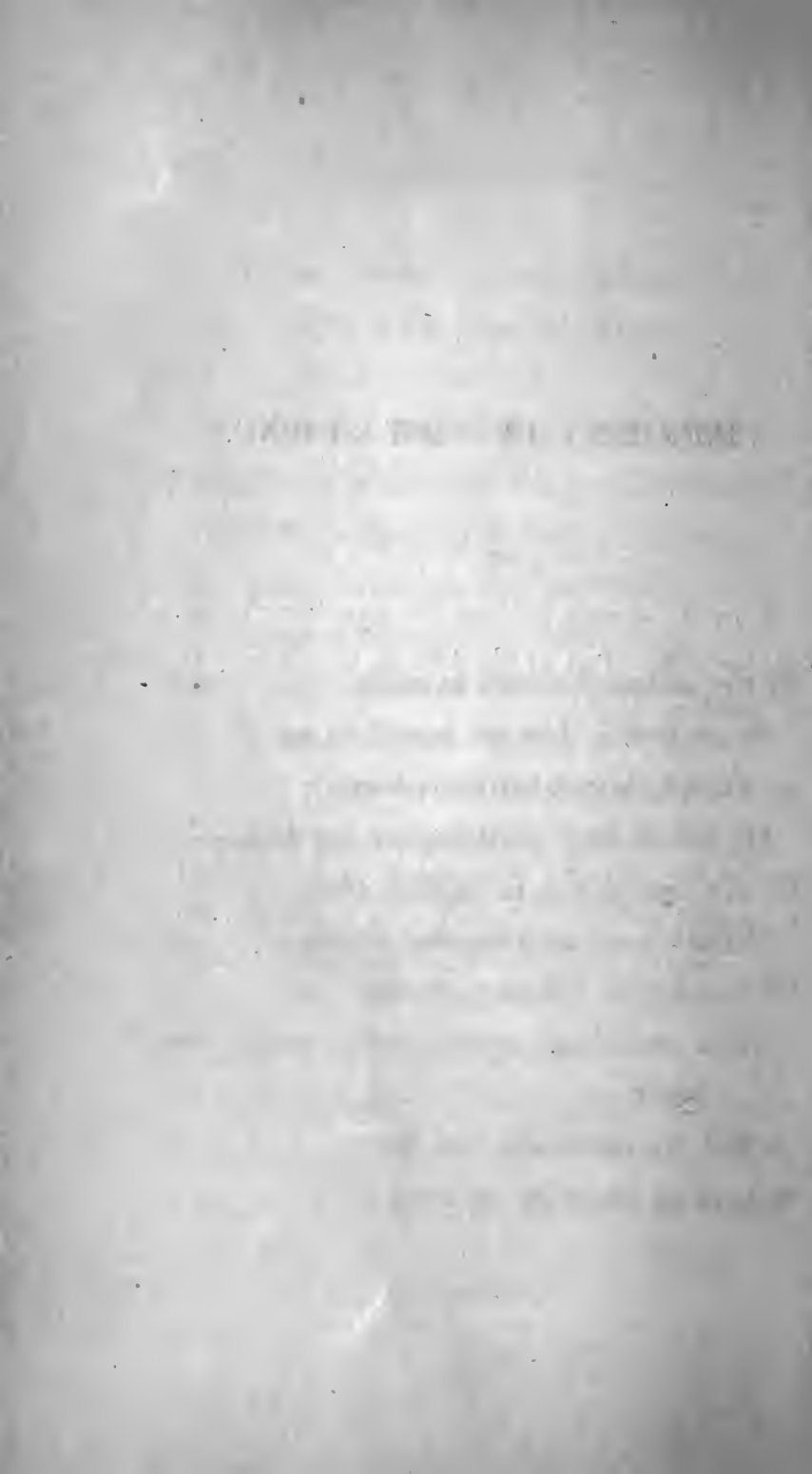
DEDICATION OF PART SECOND.



WITH the warmest affection still alive in my breast,
I dedicate this Part of the book to the memory of
my first-born daughter,

HELEN MARIA THURBER,

who has been for more than sixteen years a resident
of Paradise, and who exhibited, even in infancy, the
sweet germs of beauty, loveliness, affection, and piety.



HELEN IN HEAVEN.



By ties as firm, by love as warm,
Sweet Helen, thou art bound to me,
As when I clasped thy little form,
Or raised thee prattling on my knee —
Or saw thee cower, in childish play,
Within a mother's beating breast —
Or heard thee, "Father, mother," say
With mantling smiles that made me
blest, —
Or felt thy warm affection flow
In burning kisses on my brow.

Months have elapsed — and can it be,
This aching heart has bled so long?
Affection fondly pictures thee
Within this bosom fresh and strong;
That cheek where health her roses strowed,
That fawn-like step that tripp'd away,
That breast, with joy that overflowed
In childish innocence and play —
All these are pictured on this heart,
And never, *never* can they part.

O! how I loved thy form to watch,
From school, as thou didst trip along,
And wait impatiently to catch
The first sweet accents of thy tongue;
O! then thy little tale to hear —
Some letter learn'd, some conquer'd word —
The glittering medal dangling there —
Some “verses” learn'd — some story
heard;—

One little kiss to crown the whole —
All music to a parent's soul.

Thy mimic school arranged so well,
Methinks I see thee rule to-day ;
Thy doll, well taught to read and spell,
And prettiest hymns and stories say ;
Thy little chair, which rocked to sleep
Tir'd doll, with frolic wearied out ;
Thy yellow box that used to keep
Thy treasures, day had strown about ;—
I see them yet with many a toy,
That lit thy little heart with joy.

And when some playful contest sprung,
Between us, whose bright treasure thou,
The verdict warbled on thy tongue,
“ 'Tis father's *all*, and mother's, too ;”

None but a parent's heart can feel
The magic of his children's play,
When love's bright cords around him steal,
And closer bind him day by day,
Until the union thus begun,
Cements their mutual hearts in one.

O! many a fairy plan I laid,
With scenes of thrilling pleasure rife,
And many a lovely picture made,
Of thy sweet, rosy path of life ;
A buoyant girl in life's green spring,
Imagination pictured thee,
A lovely, blooming, fairy thing,
The darling of my heart to be ;
And thy young heart, bright fancy lent
Full many a fair accomplishment.

And when cold wintry age should come,
Or sickness make her restless bed,
Thou, the young cheering star of home,
Thy mellow radiance there would shed ;
O ! soothing then thy hand would be !
And keenest anguish lose its smart,
Attended, cheered and soothed by thee ;
And when should ceased to beat, this heart,
Thy hand, these rayless eyes would close,
And bless me in my last repose.

But ah ! these fleeting dreams have fled,
And nothing left except the smart ;
And I, life's dreary vale must tread,
Without *thy* smiles to cheer my heart ;
My love so strong, my hopes so bright,
So firm I bound my heart to thee,
The pang that tore *thee* from my sight,
This bosom wrung in agony ;

It clings to thee, though bleeding now,
And will not, *cannot* let thee go. .

In thy unspotted holy sphere,
O ! dost thou sometimes think of me ?
Dost thou behold me shed the tear,
Or hear the sigh I heave for thee ?
Thy bland affection do I have ?
In thy pure wishes hold a share ?
And when I visit thy green grave,
Does thy young spirit meet me there ?
O ! rapturous thought and bliss divine,
If this fond heart be linked with thine.

They tell me I had fixed this heart,
Too firm, too *wholly* upon thee,
And the dread pang when forced to part,
May be eternal gain to me ;

Oh! rapturous thought beyond compare!

What joys must fill the coming day!

If this sad breast such bliss shall share,

As can this keenest pang repay,

O! may I keep this bosom pure,

And make this glorious prospect sure.

Ah! Helen, does thou ever see,

Within this heart the moral stains?

O, no! no saddening thought can *be*

In that blest sphere where pleasure reigns;

The silken cord of deathless love

That bound our hearts together here,

Is all the bond of bliss above,

And all of earth admitted there.

This breast would *faint* to hold the *thought*

That earthly ties are *all* forgot.

And, Helen, when life's brittle band
Is snapped by death's relentless grasp,
Then could I see *thy* little hand,
Stretch out, in joy, *my* hand to clasp;
There could we rove that kindlier shore,
And walk thy sweet retreats together,
Where sighs and tears are known no more,
And heart to heart is bound forever ;
O ! were this glorious prospect sure,
Well might I keenest pangs endure.

When thy young thoughts began to flow,
I watched thy mental rose expand,
And oft instruction tried to show,
And guide thee with a parent's hand ;
And rapturous is the thought to me,
In those blest mansions *I* my dwell,
And thou my sweet instructor be,
And wonders show, no tongue can tell ;

Transporting then, the lessons given,
From thy sweet cherub lips in *heaven*.

My mind beholds — transporting sight!

My sainted girl above the skies,
My eyes grow liquid while I write,
And bosom swells with bursting sighs :
My feelings here, *all* words transcend,
And I can only *point* above,
And hope when earth's poor scenes shall end,
To meet again in realms of love ;
To rove in bliss that sinless shore,
And live, and love, and part no more.

HELEN IN HEAVEN TO HER
PARENTS.



Your daughter reposes,
In fair fields above,
Midst bright deathless roses,
And sweet bowers of love ;
Where no sin or sorrow,
Assails or distresses,
But one happy morrow
Enchants her and blesses.

Here zephyrs are bringing
The cool balmy breeze,
And fair birds are singing,
On bright, fadeless trees ;
Here rich fruits are growing,
From waving boughs bending,
And fresh roses blowing,
And sweet odors sending.

'Mid bright fields of pleasure,
We joyously rove,
And bliss beyond measure,
And deep seas of love ;
And no note of sadness
Is ever heard sounded,
But sweet notes of gladness,
Uncheck'd and unbounded.

Dear father and mother,
O ! shed not a tear,
We love one another,
Most heartily here ;
A few days at longest,
Our destinies sever,
And ties *here* are strongest,
Existing forever.

Imprint sweetest kisses,
On dear *Marion*,
And tell her what bliss is,
Where *Helen* is gone ;
To love me, O ! teach her,
And train her for heaven,
Where no ill can reach her,
And no ties are riven.

Tell her, till life ended,
I felt all her joys,
That same doll I tended,
And those were my toys ;
That carrage I 've driven,
And that was my bonnet,
And that wreath was given,
To deck and put on it.

O ! tell how I 'd hold her,
With maidenly pride,
And wish she was older,
To rove at my side ;
O tell her what pleasure
I felt when I kissed her,
And how great a treasure
I thought a sweet sister.

But, though thus enchanted
With sisterly love,
My Father transplanted
Me early above ;
And is kindly supplying
Delights that fade never,
And keeps me undying
For ever and ever.

To her 't is not granted,
My looks to recall,
For I was transplanted
When she was too small ;
But tell her that Helen
Was just such a creature,
And all my looks dwell in
Her form, shape, and feature.

Tell her I still love her,
Young, rosy, and bright,
And o'er her I hover
With deepest delight ;
I watch her young bosom,
With intelligence warming,
And the sweet moral blossom
Unfolding and forming.

O tell how enchanted
Her sister will be,
When she is transplanted
To blossom with me ;
And deck her, dear mother,
With fair deathless graces,
To clasp one another
In endless embraces.

WHAT IS THY EMPLOYMENT?



WHAT is thy employment, sweet Helen,
in Heaven?

What scenes art thou roving among?

What beings for friendship and converse
are given?

O! whisper in dreams to my breast, sorrow
riven,

With thy own little heaven-tuned tongue.

Oft lit with the beams of His love I behold
thee,

Who took little babes in his arms ;
And in his kind bosom I see him enfold thee,
And oft in his arms, with tenderness hold
thee,

All radiant with Heaven's sweetest charms.

And now midst a company, white-robed
and glowing,

And casting their diadems down,
I see thee, my sweet one, I loved so well,
bowing,

And beaming in beauty before the throne,
throwing

Thy own little glittering crown.

Midst a choir of blest beings, that ever
are bringing

Their harps and their voices of praise ;
I see thee, my lost one, thy golden harp
stringing,
And hear thy sweet voice bursting out into
singing,
And joining the heavenly lays.

In a white, holy company, oft thou art
straying,

Heaven's bright golden pavement, above ;
Or, far in the balmy and azure fields playing.
High up midst Heaven's glories, in rapture
surveying

Beneath thee, the fair scenes of love.

But whither, O! now, is the lovely one going?

Midst glories *unthought*, see her move;

What circlets of beauty around her are
flowing!

And what bright effulgence and beauties
are glowing!

She goes on an errand of love.

Perhaps to *despair*, thou hast kindly departed,

To wreath hope around the sad brow;

To comfort the mourner that weeps broken
hearted;

To cheer with sweet comfort, the parent
that's parted

With one who was lovely as thou.

Perhaps to thy father or mother, thou'rt
straying,

In visions endearing and bright ;

Perhaps to thy rosy-cheek'd sister conveying
Sweet, childlike enjoyment in roving and
playing,

With toys that once gave thee delight.

And now thou dost bow with intensest
emotion,

And rove the fair mansions above ;

And glowing with rapture and holy devotion,

I see thee now revel, and bathe in an ocean

Of purity, glory and love.

Anon, with bold pinions, thy way thou
art turning,

Midst stars that are set in the sky ;
Their history, their size, and their destiny
learning,
And finding, with perfect exactness,
concerning

Their speed and the orbits, they fly.

Thy eagle glance casting in far retrospection,
Thou scannest when time first began ;
The might of that fiat that bade earth's
erection,

The power that sustains it, and gives sure
protection,

To sun, stars and planets, and man.

Perhaps thou canst see at a glance, every
wonder

That the eye of Omniscience can meet ;
Above the bright, starry-decked heaven,
or under,
Though spanless the distance that keeps
them asunder, —
And then thy young bliss is complete.

Perhaps at the fountain of wisdom thou'rt
drinking,
Reclining within her sweet bowers ;
Of Heaven's deep plans and economy
thinking,
And seeing their fitness and brilliance
unshrinking,
Too high for our limited powers.

All, *all* that look'd dark in our moral
condition,
Shines out in ineffable light ;
And undescribed grandeur unveiled to thy
vision,
And justice, and mercy, and love to precision,
Show providence radiant and bright.

Redemption—redemption, thou see'st, sweetly
gazing,
Immersed in deep *oceans* of love ;
While round it the beauty of wisdom
is blazing,
Too bright for *rapt seraphs*, too high,
too amazing,
For even clear visions above.

Thou read'st at a glance, the historical pages,
Of earth, when yet tender and young ;
Of the mighty that ruled her, the patriarchs
and sages,
Whose lights are yet shining from far distant
ages,
And o'er *our* late pathway is flung.

His bright jewell'd harp the sweet Psalmist
is sweeping,
Deep-steep'd in the *essence* of song ;
Thine own ravish'd bosom in unison keeping,
While thrills of sweet rapture, incessant,
are creeping,
Each keen, living fibre along.

Thy young spirit lists with delight, and with
wonder,

To him who trod Eden's sweet bowers,
And who stood unscathed amid Sinai's deep
thunder,

And who, on drear Patmos, saw heaven's
glories sunder,

And Paradise show her sweet flowers.

Thou talk'st with the pure, and the good
of each nation,

That people poor crumbling earth's shore,
With those who have come out of much
tribulation,

With garments washed white in streams
of salvation,

All join'd to be parted no more.

Some bright little spirit, perhaps, thou
art leading,

Just come to the mansions of rest ;

Or, o'er New Jerusalem's golden streets
treading,

Or, the rosy-deck'd pathway of Paradise
threading,

In pure robes of holiness drest.

O ! glories transcendant, and bliss above
measure,

Roll round in a pure, spotless flood ;

To love and be loved is thy holiest treasure,

To bask free from sin, is thy most intense
pleasure,

In the pure, holy smiles of thy God.

O ! Helen, too brilliant for mortal discerning,
Thy home of enjoyment and love ;
Too piercing the blaze that around thee
is burning,
Too *heavenly* the lessons thou art constantly
learning,
For any but visions above.

And now in the page of the future thou'rt
reading,
With vision all cloudless and bright ;
When thou and thy kindred those plains
shall be treading,
On joys and sweet raptures incessantly
feeding,
With new and increasing delight.

Perhaps when thou look'st from the starry-
decked azure,

Thou sheddest a tear at our lot ;—

Hush ! hush ! not a tear is e'er mix'd with
thy pleasure,

But pure joys unnumbered, and bliss beyond
measure,

Are strewn o'er that beautiful spot.

With grief is thy heart for our destiny
riven ?

No ! grief cannot touch heart like thine ;
Thou knowest *all is right* that is ordered
by Heaven ;

And every thing right, with joy must enliven,
Such blessed young bosoms as thine.

And, O! canst thou pierce that effulgence
before thee,

That radiates from Heaven's awful throne?
The bright burnish'd halo of that CENTRAL
GLORY,

That love-lights these boundless enjoyments
before thee?

Thou canst, little cherubic one.

O! who from these bright joyous realms
would recal thee,

To leave that pure love-lighted home?
Thou 'rt now where no ill and no change can
befall thee,

No trouble, no trial, can threat or appal thee;
Rest! rest thee in joy, till we come.

And may we live holy, till death shall
dissever,

The bands that confine to earth's shore ;
And then be united in friendship *forever*,
And spend long eternity sweetly together,
To weep and be parted no more.

TO MY BREAST PIN,

CONTAINING A LOCK OF HER HAIR, WITH THE
NAME, AGE, AND DATE OF HER DEATH.



SWEET little monitor, I place
And wear thee near my heart,
Not for thy form and glittering face,
So sweet, so dear thou art ;
I wear thee not, so gaily set,
To raise the envious sigh,
Applause to gain, or smiles to get.
Or dazzle fancy's eye ;

I choose thee not, fair gem, to be
Companion of my breast,
At idle fashion's vain decree,
Or lordly pride's behest.

But next this throbbing heart I'll set,
And let the jewel shine,
That it may ne'er, through life, forget
That *Gem* that once was mine ;
And when I see the bonnie hair,
Within its golden bed,
Sweet Helen's self — I see her there,
That wore it on her head.

The name — the name — ah ! there 't is
set,
In golden lines 't is told ;
More dear, more precious to me yet,
Than mines of finest gold.

That name — sweet name, I used to call
 Thrice sacred, now appears ;
'T is spoke — the hallowed accents fall,
 Strange music to my ears.

Her age ! hush ! hush ! my bleeding heart —
 Almost a girl, she'd sprung ;
How keen the pang that bade me part,
 With one so fair and young.
Almost a girl — yes, every charm,
 Round her young features twined ;
Intelligence, affection warm,
 Beam'd from her opening mind ;
And every day, excursive thought
 Wing'd onward, more and more,
And many a little gem she brought,
 And swell'd her mental store.

How dread the bolt that crush'd this heart,
How keen the grief that wrung ;
He only feels, who's had to part,
With one so fair and young.
Almost a girl — the rosiest spot,
On life's short checker'd way ;
The springing grace — the forming thought —
Bright, innocent, and gay ;
The smiles that light the laughing eye —
The maiden charms that start, —
O! *then*, for one so fair to die,
Might *crush* a parent's heart.

The death — the death — in burnish'd gold
That thrilling record 's placed ;
There, that last withering scene is told,
Too keen to be effaced.

I see her on her restless bed,
Her plaintive cries I hear ;
Her wasting form, her tossing head,
Fresh in my mind appear.
These thrilling scenes, ah ! here they dwell,
In every fibre yet,
When hope, alternate, rose and fell,
Rose, flicker'd, faded, set.
And when refresh'd, O ! how she tried
Her wonted smiles to wear ;
“ I 'm better, father,” oft she cried,
Our breaking hearts to cheer.
A mother's hand, when faint and weak,
Could only bring relief ;
None but a mother's tongue could speak,
Words that could soothe her grief.

But ah ! that last sad night that broke,
 When hope's weak fibres snapp'd,
And dread reality awoke,
 In midnight darkness wrapt —
Kind friends, that watch'd her latest breath,
 And saw life's light depart,
That closed those faded eyes in death,
 Your kindness fills this heart.
O ! when our feverish sleep ye broke,
 And gently bade us rise,
I almost hear the words ye spoke,
 “ Get up, sweet Helen dies.”
O ! what a scene ! the half-drawn breath,
 Wan cheek, and fading eye, —
Cease, cease thy grasp, relentless Death,
 Let not my Helen die !

But hush ! that stillness ! breathes she now ?

That cheek ! how pale and wan !

Those glassy eyes beneath her brow,

See not, — she gasps — “ she’s gone.”

O ! tears ! when plung’d in seas of grief,

And whelming woe appears,

One gushing flood brings sweet relief,

Of balmy, soothing tears.

The tolling bell — the sable pall —

The slowly moving train —

The dreary home — I see ye all,

And feel ye all again.

For this — for this — the gem I wear,

For this — so dear I prize,

That all these scenes may circle there,

Whene’er it meets my eyes.

And while in sparkling gold thou 'rt deck'd,
Reflecting Sol's bright rays,
O ! sacred monitor, reflect
These scenes of by-gone days ;
And let fond memory's sacred tie,
Round every fibre twine
With silken cords, too firm to die ---
This duty, gem, be thine.

HELEN'S FIRST BIRTHDAY IN
HEAVEN.

A YEAR has fled since that sweet tie,
That bound us here so close was riven,
And thou hast pass'd above the sky,
One year, *one year of love* in heaven ;
Yes, thou hast roved that happy sphere,
And worn heaven's fadeless robes, one fair,
one blissful year.

Sweet flower, O I *must* call thee flower,
That bloomed so fair and fled so
fleetly,
Transplanted to a lovelier bower,
To shoot *more* fair and bloom *more*
sweetly ;
This hallow'd day I'll keep *forever*,
Within this stricken breast, and ne'er forget
it — *never*.

Ah ! dost thou mark this day, my love,
Where all is joy that wraps thy vision ;
And *do* they note time's flight above ;
Or is it lost in deep fruition ?
Perhaps, love's increase in that sphere,
Is all the index there to tell the blissful
year.

The first birthday, since thou wast born,
A fair young spirit pure for heaven,
To pass one bright and blissful morn,
One cloudless noon, one sun-lit even ;
Such gain was thine, this aching heart
Could almost *bless* the day that sever'd us
apart.

When here thy birthday came around,
The year's swift circuit gaily closing,
Some annual gift was always found,
Within thy little box reposing ;
But now there's nought I can impart,
But warm undying love, and this unchanging
heart.

Is there no silken tie that binds
This stricken heart to thee, sweet blossom ?
Is there no vital cord that finds
A cord responsive in thy bosom ?

O ! I will cherish still the thought,
That love's bright sacred tie is not in heaven
forgot.

And while amidst heaven's holy bowers,
Thou art, seraphic one, transplanted,
And ro'v'st among sweet, fadeless flowers,
With breast elated and enchanted, —
Let one fond thrill steal down below,
And warm this stricken heart that feels thy
absence so.

And as this day shall annual roll,
I'll feel that shorter cords are given,
To twine around and bind my soul
More close to thee, sweet one, in heaven ;
And when earth's *last* birthday is done,
O ! may my *first* in heaven unite us both in
one.

MY LOST ONE.



INFANT spirit, infant spirit,
Who like some young dove,
Fresh as morning, mild as even,
Took thy early flight to heaven,
Yonder home of love.

Happy spirit, happy spirit,
Not a tear or sigh
E'er can mar that thrilling pleasure,
Gushing without bound or measure,
In thy home on high.

Wandering spirit, wandering spirit,
Boundless is thy roam ;
Free thou fly'st on joy's glad pinions,
Far through pleasure's wide dominions,
And 't is all thy home.

Sainted spirit, sainted spirit,
Not a spot or stain,
Frailty or neglected duty
On thy pure etherial beauty,
E'er may stamp again.

Deathless spirit, deathless spirit,
Safely borne away,
Where decay can never enter,
Where full floods of being centre.
And where all is day.

Watchful spirit, watchful spirit,
Thou dost ever see,
When thy father's stricken bosom
Heaves a sigh for that young blossom,
That he lost in thee.

Filial spirit, filial spirit,
Still thy little breast
Thrills with joy to see thy mother,
Who more sweet than any other,
Made thy cradle blest.

Kindred spirit, kindred spirit,
Thou with eyes of love,
Still dost look upon thy sister,
Sweet as when thou fondly kissed her,
Ere thou fled'st above.

Smiling spirit, smiling spirit,
Let me think I see
Thy sweet arms spread out to clasp me,
Thy sweet hands held out to grasp me,
As I'm nearing thee.

Guardian spirit, guardian spirit,
If the boon be given,
Come, O come and rove beside me,
Cheer me, keep me, hold me, guide me,
In the way to heaven.

Loving spirit, loving spirit,
When this life is o'er,
May we meet thee joyous hearted,
Where the blest are never parted,
On that blissful shore.

THE SICK CHILD.



O ! HAVE you watch'd beside the bed,
Of some sweet child, a fair young blossom ?
That just began her charms to spread,
And with delight to fill your bosom !
Then have ye been compelled to cope,
With feelings, which no pen has painted,
Ye caught at every gleam of hope,
At every shade, your bosom fainted.

When anguish wrung her fair young frame,
Ye felt the keenest pain and anguish ;
When languishment and sinking came,
Ye felt your own heart faint and languish ;

When peevishness from pain would start,
And all your kindness could not smooth it,
Fresh floods of soothing in her heart
Ye pour'd, to pacify and sooth it.

But when sweet patience lit her frame,
And sure disease was silent creeping,
No sigh arose, no murmur came,
As calmly as if sweetly sleeping
Disease's secret might ye spied,
The vital powers in silence wearing;
Then, then, your anxious bosom died,
Within you fainting and despairing.

When by keen pangs of anguish tost,
And pain was every fibre wringing,
Your breast its own distress forgot,
In hers, and sweetest comfort bringing,

But when disease, with silent tread,
 Caused her young frame to fade and
 languish,
Then every feeling fibre bled,
 With its own withering woe and anguish.

Perhaps she lived — then after-bliss,
 Wreathed round her rainbow hues of
 gladness,
And fortune's star lit high with this
 Dispersed each former shade of sadness.
Perhaps she died — then every pain,
 And every pang lived fresh as ever,
Ye passed the scenes all o'er again,
 And ye forgot them, never, never.

My heart, my heart, I'd ne'er forget
 The thrilling, chilling scenes, that rent me,
But cherish them within me yet,
 As keepsakes, that kind heaven has sent me,

'Tis good to keep them fresh and fair,
For they impart a painful pleasure,
O ! may I hold them, deathless there,
And clasp them, as a heaven-sent treasure.

★

PASSING HER GRAVE.



SWEET girl, sweet girl — I never pass
That little grave of thine,
But my heart sighs, alas ! alas !
What withered hopes are mine !

Youth's dreams, how gay — youth's hopes,
how bright !
My first born girl to see !
But youth's gay dreams, and hope's fair light,
They took their flight with thee.

And though old Time with lightning rush,
Is hurrying us apart,
Yet Helen starts 'neath memory's brush,
And nestles in my heart.

The bed where sleeps my sainted child,—
O! when I pass it by,
Methinks she smiles as once she smiled,
When "Father's" steps drew nigh.

When thoughts like these come o'er my heart,
Like rainbow hues of even,
Youth's dreams revive, hope's visions start,
And I'm with thee in heaven.

O! guide us, Father, as we roam,
On life's rough ocean tost,
Until our bark gets safely home,
Without a dear one lost.

LAY ME NOT ALONE.

WHEN fleeting life is done,
O ! lay me not alone,
But near that dear and lovely one,
I used to call my *own* ;
When I shall turn to clay,
As this frail body must,
'Tis doubly sweet to think I may
Commingle with *her* dust,
That lovely dust, once bright and fair,
As if grace set her signet there.

'T will sweeten weary life,
 When earthly prospects part ;
'T will start like hope 'midst wildest strife,
 And soothe this aching heart.
When for her loss I sigh,
 And heart would sink and faint,
In vivid tints before my eye,
 This blessed hope 't will paint ;
That I may be, when earth shall fade;
With one I lov'd so dearly laid.

'T will sweeten death's dread hour,
 When earth begins to fail,
And deck with many a blushing flower,
 The grave's dark, dreary vale.
And when decay and gloom,
 Before my eyes are brought,
'T will cheer my way, 't will light the tomb,
 With this enrapturing thought ;
With that dear form so loved before,
I may unite, to part no more.

Let cold philosophy,
 Its icy precepts say,
And tell how vain our wishes be
 Where these frail frames may lay.
When told to *reason's* ear,
 Conviction's rays may dart,
But, O! how cheerless they appear
 To a fond parent's heart,
Who loves the dust beneath his feet,
That form'd a frame so fair and sweet.

THE EARLY DEATH.



THE bud within its little cup,
Exposed so sweet a blossom,
The Saviour kindly took it up,
And put it in his bosom.

And there in fadeless bloom it grows,
By heavenly hands attended,
Secure from nipping frost and snows,
With kindred blossoms blended.

O ! how much sweeter its perfume
In spotless charms expanded,
Since earth had never stained its bloom,
But in the bud transplanted !

The early frost ! — the early frost —
Then tenderest ties are riven —
The fairest things to earth are lost,
The purest gained for heaven.

Then let us hush the rising sigh,
Though death the bond dissever,
It takes from earth to yonder sky,
A bud to bloom forever.

No heart can think, no tongue can tell,
The lovely charms adorning,
The little bud I lov'd so well,
In its existence's morning.

'Tis sweet to think, beyond compare,
That one I loved so tender,
Expands in yonder bright parterre,
In heaven's meridian splendor.

Where vernal suns and summer showers,
Pour down their treasures, never,
For beams of love dress up the flowers,
In beauty's robes forever.

PART THIRD.

SECRET, THAT TO DISCLOSE

THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

RECEIVED

THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

RECEIVED

THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEDICATION OF PART THIRD.



I DEDICATE this third Part of this book, to the memory of my dear little namesake,

CHARLES THURBER LAZELL,

who lived just long enough to show his worth, and twine himself around our hearts ; and his two beautiful sisters, both bearing the hallowed name of my deceased daughter,

HELEN MARIA LAZELL,

children of my only sister ; and

CHARLES AUGUSTUS FIELD,

a promising son of a sister of my deceased wife, and who was drowned at Newton ; and little

EDDIE HOLBROOK,

with whom I used to sport so often, and whose black eyes and raven ringlets used to attract the notice of all ; and of the other

LITTLE SAINTS,

to whom reference is made in most of the other pieces in the book, and with all of whom I had a personal acquaintance, and for whom I had a sincere regard.

HELEN MARIA LAZELL.



'T IS strange affection's bond should grow,
As if 't would perish *never*,
And cling around the bosom so,
When *one short hour* may sever ;
That heavenly Hope, angelic guest,
So oft should be imparted,
To twine around a parent's breast,
And leave him broken hearted.

Short, O ! how short thy date below !

And yet, young drooping blossom,
'T was almost *death* to feel the blow
That tore thee from our bosom ;
That quenched the hopes that made us blest,
And lit life's future morrow ;
That left thy doating parent's breast,
O'erwhelm'd with gloom and sorrow.

Though full of keenest grief and pain,
The blow that did dissever ;
We know 't will be the *dearest* gain,
To thee, lost one, forever ;
Those budding charms, that *here* were sweet,
Such deep enchantments lending,
Will *there* expand in bloom *complete*,
Unfading and unending.

Thy cousin, Helen,* there thou 'lt see,
Whose name to thee was given ;
Ah ! *she* will gladly welcome thee,
To share the joys of Heaven.
And when a few more years are run,
A few farewells are spoken,
We hope to join thee one by one,
And find the throng unbroken.

* This little girl died at the age of 4 years and 9 months,
a few days after the birth of the subject of this notice.

HELEN MARIA LAZELL,
AND CHARLES THURBER LAZELL, SISTER AND
BROTHER OF THE FORMER.

O ! HAS another Helen gone
To join the two in Heaven ?
So early put the garments on,
To spotless cherubs given !
Methought I saw as there she lay,
Within her narrow cell,
And we had gathered round her clay,
To look a last farewell,

Her ransomed spirit mount above,
How spotless and how fair !
Upon a rainbow arch of love,
Where little spirits are.

I saw her at the crystal gate,
On golden hinges hung ;
And two young cousin Helens wait,
To catch her as it swung.
Methought the gate wide open flew,
Let in the little guest,
And quick as thought, the other two
Were clinging to her breast.
They brought a garment dipp'd in love,
With sweetest smiles 't was given,
A robe, that they themselves had wove,
Since they had been in Heaven.

A crown of gold the cousins made,
To fit her little brow ;
A jewell'd harp that ne'er was played,
But kept in tune till now.

O ! then methought I saw them lead
The new born spirit on,
Where He, who came on earth to bleed,
Sat on his burnished throne.
Within his arms the saint he took,
And kissed, and kissed her there ;
Then clothed her with that heavenly look,
That seraphs only wear.

There is a silver cord of love,
That issues from the throne,
That twines around the saints above,
And binds them all in one.

He twined around the holy tie,
When Heaven's high arches rung ;
And sweeter notes were heard on high,
For one new seraph sung.
The sweetest harp, the fairest robe,
The brightest crown is given,
To one that early leaves the globe,
And goes unscathed to Heaven.
I saw the fairy Helens rove,
United hand in hand,
With little hearts brim full of love,
All round the spirit land.
O ! once methought I saw them sit
Within a shady bower,
With every beauteous tree in it,
And every deathless flower.
Bright diamonds blazed 'midst many a gem,
That from the branches hung ;
And jewels there from many a stem,
In gay confusion sprung.

And there the cousin cherubs sat,
In such a grove as this, —
There is no sweeter place than that
In all the realms of bliss.

A brighter smile was on their brow,
Than they were wont to wear,
As if some sweeter duty now,
Had called the council there.

Methought I saw them plat a crown,
A lovely little one ;
And then they set it, up and down,
With many a precious stone ;
And then they bent a golden rod,
And stretched each silver string,
And made a harp to worship God,
When saints and angels sing.

And then they spun some silver thread,
And drew it through and through ;
O ! how their tiny fingers played,
As o'er the threads they flew !
And here and there I saw them go,
And draw the threads around ;
Until a garment white as snow,
Lay glittering on the ground.
Then stood they breathless, looking down
Upon the far off globe,
One seized the harp, and one the crown,
And one the snow white robe.
I saw them on their pinions flit,
With brimming bliss elate,
Nor stopped they till they joyous lit
Beside the outer gate.
There stood they ' sweetly side by side,
Their bosoms filled with joy ;
And when the gate swung open wide,
They saw a lovely boy.

And as he stood — the high arched brow,
The looks, serene as even,
Bespoke a noble spirit now,
Had come to dwell in Heaven.
The quivering lip, the pallid face,
Showed just enough to tell
He'd struggled hard in death's embrace,
And triumph'd o'er it well.
But when he stepp'd within the door,
Upon the plains of bliss,
Each trace of pain was seen no more,
But heavenly looks were his.
“ 'T is Charley, Charley,” cried the girls,
And brighter looks they wore ;
And e'en their fair ambrosial curls,
Look'd fairer than before.
They clung around their little guest,
They kissed the kiss of love ;
They welcomed him among the blest,
In holy courts above.

But one there was so fair and young,
That gave the sweetest kiss,
That longest to his bosom 'clung, —
O ! that was little “ sis.”
She 'd bid her Charles a last good bye,
One little month before ;
And O ! how sweet to meet on high,
And love, and part no more.
The harp of gold, the robe of snow,
They gave the little one ;
They crowned his high and noble brow,
And led him toward the throne ;
The Saviour, smiling, took the boy,
The kiss of love was given ;
And off he ran, brim full of joy,
All o'er the courts of Heaven.

Ten thousand, thousand boys and girls,
Sweet little cherubs now,
With blissful looks and raven curls,
And crowns upon the brow,

Now formed a throng — so vast a throng
Might fill a world like this —
And there they roved along — along,
All o'er the realms of bliss.
Among the flowers, they sipp'd at joy,
From every honeyed cup
They drank it free without alloy,
And never drank it up ;
New raptures sprang in rich supply,
Each cup of bliss ran o'er ;
O ! 't was too pure for mortal eye —
And I could see no more.

CHARLES AGUSTUS FIELD,

WHO WAS DROWNED AT NEWTON.



ALAS, how rudely snatched away,

My blooming little boy,

Whom I had hop'd, full many a day,

To be my pride and joy ;

Could I have seen thy smiling face,

And took thy parting kiss,

One last farewell, one fond embrace —

I could have call'd it bliss ;

Could I have bent above thy bed,
 With all a parent's care,
And sooth'd thy pangs and held thy head,
 And cheer'd thee sweetly there ;—
And when thy last faint pulse had beat,
 And hush'd, thy latest breath,
Could I have laid thee, soft and sweet,
 Within the arms of death ;—
These melting scenes of by-gone days,
 As time rolls on would start,
And throw around their healing rays,
 To calm this stricken heart.

But O ! to tear my boy away,
 Without one warning hint—
No last farewell, allowed to say,
 And no sweet kiss imprint—
To tear him rudely from these arms,
 And from a mother's care—
To crush those young and budding charms,
 That spoke a bloom so fair—

To plunge him in a watery grave,
With no kind heart to cheer,
With none to stretch the hand to save,
And none to shed a tear —
Ah! *this* it is, that wrings my heart,
In *deepest agony*,
And makes fresh pangs incessant start,
For thee, my boy, for thee.

Farewell, my boy — farewell, my boy —
'Tis gain for thee to go —
'T will waft thee straight to endless joy,
And fadeless heaven, I know.
There thy lost brother bids thee come,
And clasps thee to his heart,
In fields of pure delight to roam,
No more to sigh or part ;

And when my days that now remain,
Shall sink in death's drear even,
O ! may I meet my boys again,
And clasp them *both* in heaven.

EDWARD PLINY HOLBROOK.



The death of EDWARD PLINY HOLBROOK, son of Pliny Holbrook, at the interesting age of six years and ten months, suggested the following lines

I SHALL never see Eddie again ;
His short, weary journey is o'er,
I shall look for his features in vain,
I shall see his eyes sparkle no more,
And his fair raven curls that would float on a
breath,
I must look for them now on the pillow of
death.

How oft have I seen him, alas !
Come flying as gay as a bird,
With the bright little Sabbath school class,
When the bell's merry summons was
heard,
And, methought, as I saw him sit calmly as
even,
He was taking his first little lessons for
heaven.

Ah! little thought I as he passed,
A few days ago through the door,
That his lesson that day was the last,
And I should behold him no more ;
O, God! may it prove, when the truth shall
appear,
That he's holier and happier for lessons
learned here.

And, O ! may the little ones think,

As they see him no more in his class,

That they, too, may be on the brink

Of the river, all mortals must pass ;

And here may they gather each bright little
gem,

That would deck the sweet garlands of Eddie
and them.

Poor boy ! O, how oft I had hoped

He would live and grow up to a man,

But the dark, dreary future has oped

And shown that his life was a span ;

But I'll think of that boy, until memory
dies,

With his fair, silken locks, and his black
flashing eyes,

Worcester, July 6, 1849.

SAMUEL KNOX, OF GRAFTON.

O ! CAN it be a year has fled,
Its scenes of grief and joy,
Since I was bending o'er the bed
Of thee, my sainted boy ?

Since almost with a bursting heart,
I watched each faint-drawn breath,
And felt I *could* not let thee part,
To meet th' embrace of death.

My *first born son*— O what a tie
Was that to rend apart !
My *only* one— that *he* must die,
Shot daggers to my heart.

Ten thousand schemes of love and joy,
Which fathers always plan,
And dreams about a darling boy,
When he shall be a man ;

The thousand hopes that daily woke
And down the future smiled,—
All these would die beneath the stroke.
That should destroy my child.

Until I saw the closing gasp,
And we were forced to part,
I did not know how firm a grasp
He had upon my heart.

That fatal blow — that fatal blow,
That smote so fair a son,
I did not know I loved him so,
Until the deed was done.

When one we love is torn away
And we are left behind,
How thick the beams of memory play,
And cluster round the mind !

The acts he did, the words he spake,
The pleasing smile he wore,
From drear oblivion's dreams awake,
As fresh as e'er before.

“ He's not all dead,” he sweetly said,
When one he used to know
Was placed within his narrow bed —
And smiled to think it so.

“He’s not all dead” — this thought to me
Shoots purer thrills of joy,
Because ’t was sweetly said by thee,
My darling little boy.

“He’s not all dead” — ah ! thou art where
Pure joys and pleasures reign ;
O ! I will hope to meet thee there,
And live and love again.

Alas ! my boy, though sundèred far
Beyond those orbs that shine,
I look above that twinkling star,
And claim thee still as mine.

Thou ’rt mine, because that silken band,
That death cannot dissever,
Still reaches to the spirit land,
And binds us firm together.

Thou 'rt mine, because ten thousand wrecks,
Of former hopes and joys,
Are strewn all o'er life's retrospects,
And whisper, "They 're thy boy's."

In yonder consecrated ground,
Among the sculptured stones,
The chisel's trace on one is found,
That whispers, "'t is thy son's."

And in hope's pictures, bright and fair,
Of scenes beyond the tomb,
My little boy is always there,
And seems to bid me come.

O! he's not lost — he's only where,
His *form*, I cannot see ;
An *inch* of time may bring me there,
And join my boy and me.

He's step'd within the peaceful tomb,
As if he'd gone to find
A quiet sleep within his room,
And left his friends behind.

O ! it shall be a source of joy,
That earth's so near to heaven,
That love can go and clasp my boy
And feel a welcome given.

O, Thou, who smitest but to heal,
I've felt thy chastening rod,
Assist me now to do thy will,
And put my trust in God.

That when I've trod life's journey o'er,
And at death's portal stand,
My SAMUEL at the opening door,
May wave his little hand ;

And cry, " Fear not, the threshold crossed.
You'll find no thrill but joy ;
'This is the little one you lost,
He's now an angel boy."

SUGGESTED

BY THE DEATH OF THE ONLY CHILD OF A FRIEND.



CHILD of promise — child of promise —
Called so early home ;
Like a floweret drop'd from Heaven,
Crushed and mangled, torn and riven,
In its infant bloom.

O ! mysterious love, whose fibres
Bound us heart to heart ;
Rapture, when at first it thrilled me,—
Heaven, when full fruition filled me,—
Death, when rent apart.

Fondly hoped I — ah ! too fondly —
Thou wouldst live and love ;
Live, to close my eyes at even,—
Love, for some high trust of Heaven,
Then, meet me above.

All was blasted when my treasure
Sweetest, firmest, seemed ;
Sweetest, that the blow might reach me,—
Firmest, that the loss might teach me,
I had fondly dreamed.

Sick and weary, as I saw thee,
Sweet to hear thee say,
Mild as if an angel plead it,
Sweet as if a cherub said it :
“ Mother, let me pray.”

O ! her simple prayer — “ Dear Father,
Search this little heart ;
Break each guilty, sinful fetter,
Wash it — cleanse it — make it better,
Holy, as Thou art.”

Dove of Mercy, in thine errands,
Didst Thou change her heart ?
O ! disperse my doubts completely,
For Hope whispers soft and sweetly,
That she 's where Thou art.

Oft she said as some young convert
Bowed beneath the wave :
O ! that this young heart were holy !
Gladly would *I* bow as lowly,
In that liquid grave.

Gone, the vision — and has left me
Cheerless and in gloom ;
Cheerless, for she was my only,—
Gloomy, for the way seems lonely,
Onward to the tomb,

At each step, my dear one meets me,
In life's giddy whirl ;
Home's all traced with memory's finger,
There the fresh mementos linger,
Of that sainted girl.

Sabbath morning — ah ! those footsteps, —
Tapping on the floor —
Almost I expect the greeting,
“ Mother, fix me for the meeting ” —
Ah ! 't is heard no more

Then, that Sabbath seat—'t is vacant—

But all round, I see

Cherubs, that my dear one greeted,

Sometimes, e'en *beside* me seated—

But there's none for me.

Fairy group of Sabbath Scholars—

Sweet and sad the scene—

Sweet, for there I've seen my daughter,—

Sad, to think the first young martyr,

Should *my* girl have been.

Yes, fond mothers, clasp your darlings—

But while ye so gay,

Smile on one and greet another,

Think, there's none to call me mother,

None to cheer my way.

Hush, my heart—nor dare to murmur—
 'T was my dearest Friend ;
Whom he loves, he deigns to chasten,
Cuts dear ties, and bids them hasten
 Where no unions end.

Tears—alas, they 're unavailing ;
 Sighs—alas, they 're vain ;
Father, let thy grace be given,
That I may in yonder heaven,
 Meet my girl again.

Then, I 'd toil on, mild and cheerful,
 Till my change shall come ;
Then, O ! then, how glad the greeting,
Then, O ! then, how blest the meeting,
 When we all get home !

CAROLINE SPEAR.



BRIGHT little Gem, so charming set,
By him who deck'd these skies above,
In that bright glowing coronet,
That sweetly crown'd parental love ;
Fair Bud, upon a lovely stem,
Whose petals just began to ope,
And deck the flowery diadem,
That wreath'd life's bright and sunny hope;
That Gem — was it so soon to fade ?
That Bud — so quick to perish, made ?

O ! ye, who never felt the thrill,
The magic name of " child " imparts,
Nor drank th' enchanting draughts that fill,
And captivate parental hearts,
Can never feel the pangs that rend
The heart, and blast its prospects o'er,
When that deep magic thrill shall end,
And those sweet draughts are drunk no
more ;
When some dear child, all life and bloom,
Is gather'd to an early tomb.

For retrospection clear and bright,
Ten thousand melting scenes portrays,
And clothes in robes of living light,
The thrilling hours of by-gone days ;
When that young form so sweet repos'd,
Within a mother's circling arms,
And every day and hour disclos'd,
Some new and fascinating charms,

That twin'd their tendrils round, and knit
A parent's soul more firm with it :

The kindlings of parental pride,
When first she stood upon her feet,
Or gladly tottered at our side,
In prattle, voluble and sweet ;
Or when the chattering tongue first wove
Its sounds in sweet and lisping words,
Or warbled notes, all glee and love,
And charming as the song of birds ;
The joys that " father," " mother," flung,
When utter'd by her little tongue :

The golden hopes and gloomy fears,
As lights or shades around her came,
The rainbow smiles and starting tears,
As health or sickness touch'd her frame,

The constant vigils that were kept,
 To watch the dawns of the mind,
The strong parental bond that crept,
 And closer round the heart entwined;
These all more closely touch the heart,
When call'd from some dear child to part.

And when disease its signet set
 Upon her, swooning on her bed,
O! can a mother e'er forget
 The pangs she felt, the tears she shed?
And when the little suffering thing
 Look'd earnest up to ask relief,
When she no sweet relief could bring,
 Ah! can she e'er forget her grief?
So young, so helpless, suffering, mild,
O! can she e'er forget her child?

And then the last, the parting blow,
When life has almost broke away —
The eye so dim — the pulse so low,
The sigh — the gasp — the lifeless clay ;
That clay, so dear, so sweet, so fair,
We fear'd just now, the *breeze* might blight,
Lies breathless and unconscious there,
An object loathsome to the sight ;
O ! keen the pang — severe the blow —
To loathe the thing that charm'd us so.

*

*

*

*

*

Thy race was fleet, my little one,
Though long, I hop'd thy life to be,
And many a bright and circling sun,
I thought to sweetly spend with thee ;
I painted fair thy life's career,
A blooming girl — a blushing youth —
The charmer of my pathway here,
With spotless love to light and smooth ;

Such charms appear'd—such promise thine,
Such hopes had I, my Caroline.

The gleams of mind from thee that sprung,
And lit that eye that spoke so sweet,
A holier charm around thee flung,
And bound thee to my heart complete ;
O ! how I hop'd that mind to see,
Expand, and show its hidden lore,
Such lore as would encircle thee,
And spread its fascination o'er,
Then should I see my dear arrayed,
In sparkling charms that never fade.

Perhaps, I hoped with many a grace,
To see thee show thy skill in song ;
The soft piano's key-board trace,
And sweep its ivory keys along ;

Perhaps, with all a parent's pride,
In future life's maturer way,
I sat me cheerful at thy side,
To hear thy voice perform the lay ;
But O ! 't is past — the dream — the thought,
The coming bliss—the hope—they 're nought.

Ah ! can I give thee up, my dear,
And turn thee from thy father's door,
As if to bar all entrance here,
And see thee never, never more ?
Can I reject thy little form,
That climb'd my knee and kiss'd me so ?
With love so sweet, with heart so warm,
O ! can I, dear one, let thee go ?
And see thee, rudely, roughly thrust,
Within a dreary bed of dust ?

I must — O ! Death, thou wieldest power,
More potent than the mightiest king ;
Thou sweepst down the sweetest flower,
And mak'st it seem a loathsome thing ;
And be the object ne'er so dear,
Thou smitest — and 't will instant die ;
And be the union ne'er so near,
Thou severest the silken tie ;
'Tis hard — 'tis hard — although we know,
'Tis Thou, O ! God, dost deal the blow.

One only cheering thought is left
To me bereft of one so dear ;
The stroke by which this heart 's bereft,
Releas'd *her* to a holier sphere,

Where we again in bliss complete,
May meet in love, to part no more,
In bonds more firm, in joy more sweet,
Upon a holier, happier shore ;
Where we, in union sweet may rove,
In one unending round of love.

THE LITTLE GIRL.



AN ! little bright and tender thing,
What charms adorn thee now ?
What freshness on thy rosy cheeks ?
What sweetness on thy brow ?
What joy is mantling o'er thy face,
And lights the laughing eye ?
And what sweet buds of intellect,
Half hid, half blushing lie ?
The silver locks, all o'er thy head,
Gay wanting in the breeze ;
But little one, no pride hast thou,
Thou carest not for these.

Thy little dress so neatly trimm'd
And cut in fashion gay,
Thou in an instant dost forget,
And run away to play.
Thy cap and bonnet gaily deck'd
With ribbons and with lace,
Though made by fashion's nicest rules,
With most becoming grace,
Without a pang, sweet little one,
Thou 'dst lay them all aside,
Nor ease and comfort sacrifice,
For fashion or for pride.

Sweet picture of implicit faith,
Unscath'd by sin and guile,
Thou read'st aright the meaning of
Thy mother's frown or smile :
Thou see'st the frown upon her brow,
And know'st her heart is sad,
Thou see'st the smile upon her face,
And *feel'st* her heart is glad.

A flash of indignation darts,
Oft-times, across thy heart,
But keen resentment and revenge
Assail not where thou art ;
The angry flash oft flies along,
But instinct guides its flight,
And, lightning-like, in swift career,
Conveys it out of sight.

Deception never veils thy heart,
No guilt exerts her power,
Nor guile, nor shame, nor deep remorse,
Assail thee, lovely flower ;
But innocence triumphant sits
Upon thy sinless brow,
Proclaiming all is peace within
Thy stainless bosom now.

Ah ! can it be, the wicked world
Will twine its meshes round,
Till thy young heart, my spotless one,
Its willing slave is found ?
That thou wilt feel the sway of hate
And bend to passion's reign,
In fashion's court, bow servilely,
A courtier, supple, vain ?
That, as thy stream of onward life,
Careers along and flows,
Thy little heart will be full wed,
To vain and gaudy shows ?

O ! God, preserve my dearest one,
My only tender flower,
O keep her pure from grovelling earth
And passion's withering power ;

Let her, a bland and lovely flower,
Expand, and blush, and bloom,
To cheer me, and in green old age
Be gather'd to the tomb.

GONE TO SCHOOL.

SUGGESTED BY THE OCCASION OF OUR DAUGHTER
FIRST LEAVING HOME FOR SCHOOL.



OUR little bird, our *only* bird,
Sweet home's enchanting guest,
Who'd scarcely for a moment stirred
Beyond her native nest,
Kind Father, let our prayer be heard —
O! make our darling blest.

On merry wings she's gone to try
Her first unaided flight,
And as she learns to sing and fly,
O! may she learn aright ;
May guardian angels hover nigh,
Wherever she may light.

We knew not, till we felt her kiss,
And heard her chirp "good bye,"
How much it swelled our tide of bliss,
To have our birdling nigh ;
Nor that a flood of joy like this,
Would with that warbler fly.

Her sweet "good night " is now unheard,
Once carolled from her tongue,
Her gay "good morning," charming word,
Is through our bowers unrun ;
The hymns are hushed, our little bird
At morn and evening sung.

A cloud is hovering o'er our bowers,
And gathering midst the stems,
A nipping frost has kissed the flowers,
And killed a thousand gems,
For we 've no bird to cheer the hours,
And chant us merry hymns.

But better to that classic grove
To send the boyant thing,
Where greater skill and equal love,
Teach how to fly and sing,
And where the same Celestial Dove
Will shield her 'neath his wing.

And, birdling, while your hymns are heard
Within yon pearly gate,
Send up some sweet persuasive word,
That He who rules our fate,
Will aid your erring father-bird,
And bless his wounded mate.

Kind God, thy choicest blessings pour
On this dear bird of ours,
That when she visits home once more
And lights among the flowers,
She'll have more witcheries than before,
To charm her native bowers.

THE CONSECRATED GROUND.



WHEN earth's latest tie is parted,
And when tolls the solemn bell,
When the crush'd and broken hearted
Bid the dead a last farewell,
O ! how sweet, if fond affection
Still can linger round the spot !
Calling up each retrospection
'Midst such scenes as shock it not !

Ah! when time has dim'd the lustre
Of the memories of the dead,
Sweet, if friends again may cluster
Round their lone and silent bed ;
Where time's cold and withering finger
Never writes the word "decay,"
But where Nature's charms may linger,
Springing, budding, blooming, gay.

Spread the couch to lay the sleeper,
In the still and lone retreat ;
Where the grove may screen the weeper,
Where communion may be sweet,
Where the songster chants his measure,
In a wild and hallowed song,
"Where the hasty heel of pleasure,"
Never, never trips along.

There may friendship, undistracted,
In the hallowed precinct stand,
Shut from earth and all that's acted,
Close upon the spirit-land.
There may scenes, now fled for ever,
Round the memory cluster sweet ;
There in spirit knit together,
Friends in sweet communion meet.

What though Reason coldly teaches,
“ Care not where the frame is thrust ! ”
Still Affection sweetly preaches,
“ Guard, O ! guard the sacred dust.”
Bonds so sweet, and ties so tender,
Still around the body cling —
Will not let the heart surrender
What was once so dear a thing.

O ! if e'er, in pristine union,
Sunder'd hearts again may meet,
Where can spring the sweet communion,
If not at the grave's retreat ?
Where earth's bustle cannot enter,
Where her pleasures *dare* not come,
Where the contemplations centre
On the scenes beyond the tomb.

Friendship sickens, sad and solemn,
When all o'er the silent dead,
Shattered stone and broken column,
Ruin'd mound and tomb are spread.
Gloom and horror deep are written,
Sadness o'er the heart is cast,
As it thinks with anguish smitten,
“ Here may be my bed at last.”

But who threads the rural mazes,
O'er the consecrated ground,
And in mute devotions gazes
On the green and grassy mound,
But has felt a calmness stealing,
Mild as even, o'er his breast,
As spontaneous rose the feeling,
"Here may be my silent rest?"

O! then, in the green recesses,
Spread the pillows for the dead,
Where the woodland waves her tresses,
Where the flowers their odors shed.
There as each green bed is taken
By the living, one by one,
Sweet they'll sleep, till all awaken
To a union never done.

IS THIS OUR HOME ?

Is this the home, and these the scenes,
Where man was form'd to stay,
And midst this mingled joy and woe,
Unlimited to stray ?
The sweetest scenes that deck the earth,
Alternate form and fade,
And every mellow ray of light
Quick vanishes to shade.
The grass will die, the flower will fade,
The tree will shed its sheen,
And ice, and frost, and driving snow,
Will spread, where all is green.

Are all the aspirations, and
Advancements of the mind,
To these poor things of fleeting time
And grovelling sense confin'd ?
O ! melt, my eyes, in briny tears,
And *die*, my heart, with grief,
If but one low and traitor thought
Should *hint* the vile belief.
'Tis criminal to think that mind,
Just in its infant bloom,
And ere one petal quite has spread,
Should vanish in the tomb ;
That restless thought and eager hope,
And reason's piercing beam,
Should gleam awhile, and melt away
In drear oblivion's stream.
But sweet the thought, sublimely sweet,
To reason's vision given,
Of greener fields and fairer scenes
Above the vaulted heaven ;

Which ne'er will wither, nor decay,
But wear perpetual bloom,
When earth, and sea, and vaulted sky,
Shall find a common tomb.
Where bliss will grow, and mind expand,
Without a mete or bound,
While limitless eternity
Shall run its ceaseless round.
Where friendship's tie shall be renewed
With bonds that perish never,
And love cement all hearts in one,
For ever and for ever.

THOUGHTS.



WHEN in this dim and checker'd vale of
sorrow,
Where cloud and sunshine flit in swift
career,
Where smiles to-day are changed to tears
to-morrow,
And infant pleasure rides its little bier,
'Tis sweet to think, beyond yon starry azure
Sails a green globe in that ambrosial air,
Where joy sits smiling without stint or
measure,
And shoots extatic through each bosom
there ;

Where spirits rove along their crystal floods,
And taste the bliss that thrills the breasts
of gods.

In one short hour, fade pleasure's fairest
roses,
Heart-felt farewells in thick profusion
stand,
Oft new-born welcomes one short moment
closes,
And death oft palsies friendship's clasping
hand ;
But in that world no sad farewells are spoken,
But welcome, welcome, bursts from every
tongue,
The social charm is never marred or broken,
And social transport is the chorus sung ;
The tie of love, when formed, is sunder'd
never,
It grows more strong, and bright, and sweet,
for ever.

The holiest thoughts that thrill the human
bosom,

Amid poor frailty's erring fancies start,
And good resolves oft perish in the blossom,
Ere they can touch and actuate the heart ;
But ah ! away, beyond that twinkling star,

There is a bright and ever verdant realm ;
O ! every thing is pure and spotless there,
For radiant Wisdom sits and rules the
helm ;

There gushing thoughts, unscath'd by frailty,
start,

Pure as the tablet of an angel's heart.

The sweetest bowl that Hope e'er gives to sip,
Is mingled often with a base alloy,
For when she puts it to the parching lip,
Down, down, is dash'd the brimming cup
of joy ;

But far on high, there is a verdant spot,
Where Hope's sweet pencil never left
its traces,
For deep fruition fills each teeming thought,
And beams in beauty from their cherub
faces ;
Each happy dweller on that verdant shore,
Finds each successive cup of joy run o'er.

Ah ! human knowledge, how of thee we boast !
We almost think us deified by thee !
And yet the wisest on Truth's boundless coast
Find that it is the merest speck we see ;
But that bright world spreads treasures for
the mind,
On which it feeds with ever new delight ;
The scenes before outshine the scenes behind,
New treasures roll with time's unceasing
flight ;

Each golden moment brings some pleasure
in it,
And some new, rapturous thrill is born each
minute.

Where is that Cherub, once to me so dear,
Whose lips first thrill'd me with the name
of "father?"

The little rose just oped its petals here,
And fled to bloom in yonder country
rather,

Where all is bright, and change can never
enter,

Where all is pure without a spot or stain,
Where Hope's bright visions in fruition
centre,

And where farewells are never said again;
Where Truth's rich feasts th'expanding soul
invite,
To taste and feed with ever new delight.

Keen was the blow by which that tie was
riven,

That bound my heart to one so young and
fair —

If I should walk the golden streets of
Heaven,

O ! shall I *know* the little angel there ?

Will the new bond be that of child and
father ?

Will it be stronger than Heaven's common
tie ?

Will it be sweeter than when meet together,

Two stranger spirits in the upper sky ?

When we rove round, Heaven's wondrous
lore to see,

Will little Helen sweetly walk with me ?

But ah ! what boots it in so bright a sphere,
Where ceaseless pleasures thrill the
throbbing breast,

If those who were our nearest kindred here,
Shall in that world be dearer than the
rest ?

And yet, methinks 't would be a brighter
place,

And joy's sweet flowers would far more
charming grow,

If we could look on some sweet, smiling face,
And know it's ours, as it was ours below,
And *feel* the tie, that here on earth was riven,
More strong and firm, more bright and sweet
in Heaven.

BENEFIT OF AFFLICTION.



AND can it be, Almighty Friend,
That thou dost keen afflictions send,
 To cause our dearest gain ?
That to enrich thou dost deprive,
That thou dost kill to make alive,
 And paint earth's pleasures vain ?

When death in his unstay'd career,
Cuts down our children young and dear,
 And fills with keenest pain,
O ! is it so, unchanging Friend,
That keen affliction's grief will end,
 In our immortal gain ?

If so, my soul, what joys are thine !
And all the pains that now are mine,
 Shall be my dearest gain ;
I'll bow submission to the rod,
And bless the chastening hand of God,
 Though earthly hopes are slain.

O ! help me, Saviour, help improve
The chastenings of thy holy love,
 For thou in love dost reign ;
O ! melt this heart and grant it light ;
My thoughts control, and guide them right,
 All ills *must* then be gain.

DYING MOTHER TO HER CHILD.



AH! sweet little daughter, so dear to my
heart,

Whom oft to my bosom I've pressed ;
Earth now is receding and tells I must part
With her I love sweetest and best.

To whom shall I leave thee? that, *that* is the
thought

That covers death deepest in gloom,
O! who will stand by thee and cheer thy
lone lot,

When *I* shall decay in the tomb.

Ah ! see that young group all contented and
gay,

Around the warm fire-lighted room !

See, see, how jocosely they circle and play,

For they know and they *feel* it is home ;

Behold them look up for a smile or a kiss

From the lips of their father and mother,

They cannot conceal their expressions of
bliss,

As they circle around one another.

But, midst such a circle, *thou* never can
be ;

A parents smile never can warm thee ;

The lips of a mother can never bless thee.

Nor home's sweet enchantments can charm
thee.

Kind friends may surround thee to cheer and
to heal,

And thou may'st be loved by another,
But midst all their kindness, my orphan will
feel,

In sadness, she has not a mother.

O ! who, lonely orphan, thy prattle will
hear ?

Or run with concern at thy call ?

Or, when thou art crying, will wipe off the
tear,

Or kiss off the wound from thy fall ?

O ! who, in thy flashes of wit will delight ?

Or teach thee the practice of duty ?

Chide gently when wrong, and commend thee
when right,

And call thee her bright little beauty ?

O! who will go with thee, and put thee to
bed,

And teach thee "Our Father in Heaven,"
And pillow down softly thy sweet little head,
And kiss thee and bid thee "good even?"
And who, all impatient, again will rejoice,
When Aurora the east is adorning,
And run at the sound of thy sweet little
voice,

And kiss thee and bid thee "good
morning?"

And who then will wash thee, my darling,
with care,

And put on thy dress arranged sweetly,
And teach thee that none can be lovely and
fair

Whose person and dress look not neatly?

And who will then take thee and lead by the
hand,

In field and in garden to stray?

And show thee the buds as they grow and
expand,

And tell thee who made them so gay?

And when thou art sick who will bend o'er
thy bed,

And scan every changing emotion?

And the sweet balm of sympathy soothingly
shed,

With all a kind mother's devotion?

Conform to each want that the sick often
feel,

Though whimsical, reason esteem it?

And use every art of endearment to heal,

And never a burden to deem it?

When passing through evils and snares of the
young,

Who'll aid thee and guide thee, *lone one* ?
And when fell detraction and malice have
wrung,

Who then to the rescue will run ?
If wrong and injustice should rob and
oppress,

Who then will stand up and defend thee ?
If insult and scorn should assail and distress,
O ! who will rise up and befriend thee ?

But hush, too fond bosom, there's One in the
sky,

Who sees every sparrow that lives,
And hears the young ravens whenever they
cry,
And bountifully blesses and gives ;

HE, surely, will watch a young blossom like
thee,

And guide thee, and guard, and defend,
A treasure more dear than a mother *can* be,
A far better portion and friend.

And yet my heart bleeds, that I leave thee
alone,

Where perils and ills are abounding,
Alone, unprotected, and parentless one,
With the loved and the happy surrounding;
Forgive me, Great Sire, for these dark
brooding fears,

And these sighs I'm unable to smother,
These weak, perhaps *wicked* and *criminal*
tears;

'Tis a *mother* that mourns, 'tis a mother.

ALMIGHTY, I leave her, I give her to
Thee,

O ! throw thy protection around her,
And may the last step in her pilgrimage
be

As pure as the primal step found her.
I ask, HOLY FATHER, that glory nor fame,
Nor splendor, nor riches be given,
But that no moral blot may attach to her
name,
And O ! re-unite us in heaven.

My sight is decaying — come near to my
bed —

This soft little hand — 't is my girl's —
Let me put my hand over thy smooth, glossy
head,
Pretty hair — ah ! the long silken curls —

It grows dark — I must go — fare thee well,
 fare thee well,

Little one — orphan girl — He will spare
 thee —

Let me kiss — hush — hush — hear the notes,
 how they swell —

Touch her not — 'tis my girl — fare
 thee —

TO A STAR.



WHAT art thou, star, in that blue spangled
arch?

Art only a bright gem to deck the sky,
A beacon for the planets in their march,
Or for the comets as they shoot and fly?
Or has thy Maker fill'd thy disk all over,
With life, and health, and beauty, and
delight,
And made thee in that azure ocean hover,
Within the circle of our planet's sight,
A double blessing — a fair peopled sphere,
And a bright gem to charm our visions
here?

Some say thou art a sun, a radiant sun,
 Begirt with rays resplendent as our
 own ;
And thousand peopled planets round thee
 run,
 Obedient to attraction from thy throne,
And that unnumber'd millions just like thee,
 Are set all round within the spangled arch,
And worlds uncounted far too dim to see,
 Around each central sun majestic march ;
And some whose zones might easily surround
A thousand earths within their circling
 bound.

And we can only stand and feebly gaze,
 Admire, and wonder, and thy history guess,
And vision-guided by thy streaming rays,
 We think thee the abode of happiness :

From birth till death, to earth's dim sphere
confined,

We mount imagination's airy car,—
Borne on the pinions of the mighty mind,
We visit every bright and wandering star ;
From earth's green shores in eager circuit
driven,

We rove around the starry fields of heaven.

Perhaps when death these brittle bonds shall
sever,

That now confine our destiny below,
We shall rove round from star to star forever,
Among these azure fields so bright that
glow ;

O ! then, perhaps, from thy bright burnish'd
sphere,

We shall throw out our more than eagle
glance,

And wonder what bright star is twinkling
here,

So far beneath us in the blue expanse ;
Or heaven-illumin'd may in spirit roam,
And *know* the little star our infant home.

Ah! when I turn from earth to suns like thee,
In such bright mazes all above us strewn,
And from myself to countless throngs that be,
Thrown o'er the disk of every star and sun,
And from the whole to Him whose plastic
power

Put all this system in harmonious play,
Whose eye keeps vigil every fleeting hour,
And guides them errless on their glorious
way.

I'm lost in wonder at His matchless power,
Who guides the planets and who clothes the
flower.

Meek, meek, and humble should we ever be,
So less than nothing in this mass of being,
Yet feel how God-like and divine are we,
Far through creation with clear vision
seeing :

And thankful, more than words have power
to show,

That he whose vision spans the boundless
whole,

Whose power upholds those glittering stars
that glow,

And all the planets in their onward roll,
Forms each fine fibre of our web of being,
With perfect wisdom, power, and love
agreeing.

612

25-







